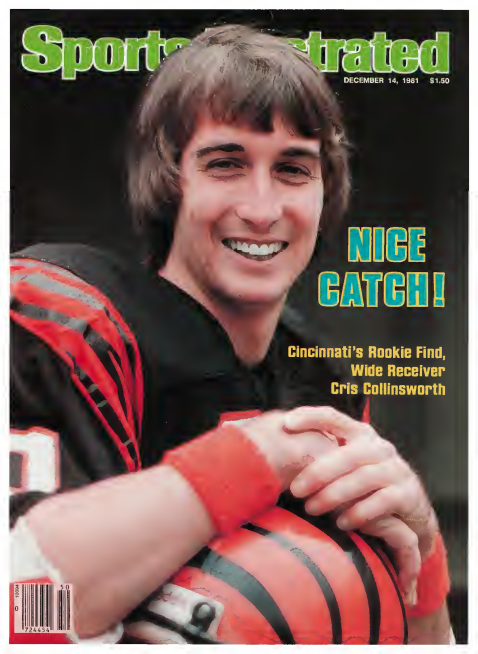


Sports Illustrated

A close-up photograph of a young man with brown, wavy hair and a wide smile. He is wearing a black football jersey with red and white stripes on the sleeves. He is holding a football with orange and black stripes. The background is dark and out of focus.

DECEMBER 14, 1981 \$1.50

NICE CATCH!

Cincinnati's Rookie Find,
Wide Receiver
Cris Collinsworth



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Vantage pleasures

*When you want
good taste
and low tar, too.*

5mg



9mg



ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ARE YOU ELIGIBLE FOR ONE OF THE BIGGEST TAX BREAKS IN HISTORY?

DEAN WITTER REYNOLDS BELIEVES YOU ARE!

**New rules offer IRA
(Individual Retirement
Account) tax relief to
more than 60 million
Americans.**

New, easy eligibility.

Under new IRA rules of President Reagan's Economic Recovery Tax Act, as of January 1, 1982, you may qualify for one of the biggest tax breaks in history if you are a wage earner of legal age under 70½ years.

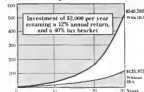
It doesn't matter who your employer is. You may work for someone else or for yourself. You could be a government employee, or a member of the Armed Forces. IRA benefits extend to everyone who's earning a living and who wants to prepare for retirement by saving and investing—even if you are already covered by another retirement program.

New, higher limits; new profit potential.

Now you can get a tax deduction of up to \$2,000 a year with IRA—and double that amount if your spouse is working, too! Taxes are deferred until you withdraw your savings and investment profits at retirement age.

As indicated in the chart above, IRA makes a big difference.

(1982%) The Advantage of a Tax-Deferred IRA



Without regular yearly taxes, your invested savings grow faster. You keep more potential profit and end up with a far larger retirement fund.

New opportunities demand a new look of retirement plans.

Naturally, you'd like to make the most of the new IRA and Dean Witter Reynolds can help you do just that. We offer a wide selection of investment plans, including both *custodian* and *self-directed*, to give you maximum flexibility. With a *custodian* plan, your investment is managed by professionals who invest for you. With a *self-directed* plan, you have the opportunity to personally direct the investment of your IRA assets in a broad range of investment vehicles. These include publicly traded securities, government bonds, mutual funds, money market instruments, or a number of other vehicles to maximize the growth of your IRA funds. And, of course, your

Dean Witter Reynolds Account Executive can help you select the plan to best fit your needs.

New questions call for new answers.

That's right. You can save and invest up to \$2,000 a year and deduct it, plus another \$2,000 for your working spouse. Call or write Dean Witter Reynolds now to find out how you can make the most out of IRA under the new rules. Mail the coupon below or phone toll-free today.

1-800-526-7443

(In New Jersey, call 1-800-522-4303)



DEAN WITTER REYNOLDS

One investment firm
you'll be glad to hear from.

Dean Witter Reynolds Inc.		Worcester, MA 01608
Client Information Service		
P.O. Box 5015, Clifton, N.J. 07012		
Please send me your new IRA brochure at no cost or obligation.		
Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip
Home Phone		Business Phone
If you are currently Dean Witter Reynolds client, please indicate your Account Executive's name and office:		

**Here's a sure way
to build a sizable estate by age 40.**



If you're like most young people, you plan to buy life insurance soon. You know that it is the only way to create an estate instantly to protect your family.

What's more, you expect to buy more insurance in a few years as your income and responsibilities grow. You take it for granted that you will always be able to add the insurance you want, when you want it.

But, as a New York Life Agent, I can tell you it may not be quite that simple. If you become sick—or are injured or switch to a hazardous job—you may be out of luck. You may find no one willing to insure you, or you may have

to pay a higher premium because of that extra risk.

What to do? New York Life can guarantee that you will be able to build the insurance estate you want.

Buy a New York Life policy now, and for a few dollars extra we will give you the right to buy more insurance at least once every three years. Right up to age 40. And nothing can take that right away. Not poor health. Not a high-risk job. Nothing.

The key is to start now. While you are young and healthy. While you are insurable. Ask me.

Your New York Life Agent

Ask me



**NEW
YORK
LIFE**

THIS IS WHAT WE GET FOR NOT FOLLOWING THE CROWD.

A camera with a combination of features you won't find on any other 35mm SLR in its class

A camera so extraordinary that in just a few short months it has become one of the best-selling in America

More than a camera. An achievement. The Minolta XG-M

What kinds of features make a camera this outstanding?

Optical precision for sharp clear pictures

Convenience features like automatic exposure to make

taking pictures as easy as point, focus, shoot.

Important features like metered manual and exposure override that let you give full rein to your creative instincts

Electronic features to help prevent mistakes

Handling features like a built-in textured grip shaped to fit the curve of your hand

Even professional features like the optional motor drive that automatically advances the film. One frame at a time. Or at a blistering 3.5 frames per second to capture fast action. Like a touchdown pass rifting into the end zone.

And when you want to unleash your imagination, there are more than 45 Minolta computer-designed interchangeable lenses to help you do it. Along with a full system of accessories

The Minolta XG-M is only the latest in our over 50-year tradition of creating cameras that are not simply cameras, but outstanding achievements

See it at your Minolta dealer. To find the XG-M, just follow the crowd

**WAIT TIL YOU SEE
HOW GOOD YOU CAN BE.**



MINOLTA

© 1987 Minolta Camera Company
180 West 11th Ave., Suite 101, New York, NY 10011-1011
In Canada: Minolta Canada Ltd., 100 King St. W., Toronto, ON M5X 1C4

Product appearance and specifications are subject to change without notice.
© 1987 Minolta Corporation

SEASON'S GREETINGS.



SON



FOOTBALL SEASON



BASKETBALL SEASON



SKIING SEASON



HOCKEY SEASON



TRACK



SON



HORSE RACING SEASON



GOLF SEASON



TENNIS SEASON



BASEBALL SEASON



SOCCE

EVERY WEEK.

Season after season, Sports Illustrated covers the world of sports like nobody else. And when you give a gift subscription, your thoughtfulness is remembered and appreciated like nobody else's. Every week of the year, 52 issues of Sports Illustrated are sale-priced now at just \$27.95. Only 54¢ an issue! A once-a-year savings of over \$8 off the basic annual subscription rate of \$36. Place your order before December 15 and get a personalized gift card to give or send. If the postage-paid reply card is missing, or you'd like faster service, call toll-free:

800-621-8200.

In Illinois, call 800-972-8302



ART TALK

by RONALD N. CAMPBELL

A LOT OF GOOD TEAMS FUMBLE WHEN IT COMES TO DECORATING THEIR HELMETS

The battered leather headgear of Rockne and Thorpe has evolved into today's colorful globe-like helmet decorated with graphic wonders—some, of course, more wonderful than others. Originally designed merely to protect ears, the football helmet has lately acquired additional responsibilities. It is now also expected to identify, to dazzle, even to intimidate.

Despite pockets of stubborn resistance—consider the conservative headgear worn at Alabama and Penn State—the compulsion to put illustrations on helmets is epidemic, infecting every level of the game from pee-wee to pro. There are cowboys and Indians, flora and fauna, stars and stripes. It's an issue of such importance, in fact, that the New England Patriots invited fans to vote during the '79 season on the fate of their Continental soldier-cum-center. He was decisively reelected.

The esthetic results of all this heraldic hoopla have been predictably uneven, and have rarely corresponded in quality

to academia the approach is even more haphazard. Two universities, Texas and Arizona State, give credit to coaches for their helmet designs, while another, Brigham Young, points guiltily to its equipment manager. In South Carolina, Clemson hired a Greenville advertising agency and was rewarded with a vivid and original tiger's-paw print.

The best helmet decor, in my opinion, was not only the first to attract national attention, but was conceived by a player. Shortly after the Cleveland Rams moved to Los Angeles in 1946, Halfback Fred Gehrig produced the classic blue and gold horn design, and for instant recognition and pure design excellence, it hasn't been equaled, except perhaps by the Philadelphia Eagles' majestic silver wings. But despite widespread imitation by the likes of the Bison of Bucknell, horns on one's helmet are no guarantee of a successful design: Witness the limp cornucopia worn by the Minnesota Vikings. In fact, one should be wary of animal parts in general. The noble tiger skin has been corrupted by the Cincinnati Bengals this season into something that looks like a varicose pumpkin.

The embellishment of helmets follows one of three forms: a thematic design (horns, stripes); pictograms of animals, people or things (lions, pirates, oil derricks); and lettering.

There's no inclination here to rank the helmets—or, indeed, any acceptable standard for doing so. Still, the object of graphic design is to represent an idea quickly, emphatically and attractively. And there are basic principles that, for the visually aware, must push aside hometown chauvinism. The main one, and most often violated, is scale. How can a spectator clearly identify an emblem too small or too intricate to be deciphered even from the bench? Only telescopic vision of John Matuszak's helmet in your face could reveal what goes on inside the Oakland Raiders' shield.

The second most frequent failing is lack of clarity, whether of image or content. Wouldn't, for instance, Tampa Bay's Buccaneers be more comfortable in the Easter parade than on a pirate ship?

Possibly Cleveland has the worst case of ambiguity. What's a Brown, anyway, besides the name of that team's first coach? Whatever a Brown does turn out to be, it's unlikely to be orange, as are the Cleveland helmets. Ohio State seems to be graphically confused, too, with those

gray, red and white helmets with the all but indecipherable buckeye stickers on them. But what do you expect, seeing as how buckeyes, the little nuts of the buckeye tree, are neither instantly recognizable nor especially impressive. These design difficulties are caused by a paucity of ingredients.

While it's hardly reasonable to expect a graphic image to inspire fear, respect, at least, should be within reach. Bulldogs (Georgia, Yale, Mississippi State) are rarely depicted, perhaps because they are considered to be too ugly or too lovable to garner respect. Similarly, the purported cuddliness of the Husky seems to exclude it from some schools' helmets



Los Angeles

Clemson

(Connecticut, Washington, Northeastern). Oh, that Miami had shown such restraint instead of signing up that silly, hoop-jumping Dolphin. There's a design worthy of no respect, despite that animal's celebrated winning streak versus sharks.

Typography, seemingly the safest and most direct sort of helmet adornment, can suffer the same snags as more ambitious illustrative efforts. Script can be particularly weak at a distance, although fans of UCLA, VMI and Vanderbilt seem reasonably able to distinguish friend from foe. More agreeable by far are the lettered helmets of West Virginia, Texas A&M and Illinois. Each is clear, distinctive and handsome.

The most potent tool in the hands of the helmet designer is color. And what a weapon it can be: Crisp October sunlight can positively stun when reflected from shiny silver or gold; black is forever sinister; and red we know as the badge of valor, danger or blood.

So when heroes falter, then at least you can root for your favorite designer—with a loud locomotive for the unblemished golden domes of Notre Dame, which for a brief time experimented with shamrocks and wisely reconsidered, or a quietly tasteful sis-boom-ah for Nebraska's very discreet "N."



Cincinnati

West Virginia

with the play of the wearers. The best and the worst graphics can be found right at the top. This unevenness is a little surprising, because the pros often consult pros on design matters, even if they look no further than NFL Properties, the licensing and merchandising arm of the league. Among unfortunate in-house customers we find the Giants, Bills and Bengals. Some teams have cooked up their own ideas and have had them executed by designers. The Dallas Cowboys travel under a star designed by President and General Manager Tex Schramm, while the New York Jets turned to staff film director Jim Pons for their logo.

The Xerox Personal Computer. It's not just one of the flock.



Using CP/M® based programs it can help in planning, budgeting or forecasting. It can also make short work of such tedious tasks as billing, payroll and ledgers.

With additional software, our personal computer is a versatile word processor or, with communications options, it can become an intelligent terminal.

And lest you think the age of miracles is over, the Xerox personal computer, which includes keyboard, processor, display screen and dual disc memory system, comes with a very humble price tag.

So fill in the coupon below for more information on the Xerox personal computer.

Do it now and beat the flock.

I'd like to know more about the Xerox 820 personal computer.

Send to: Xerox Corporation, P.O. Box 470565, Dallas, Texas 75247

Name

Title

Company

Address

City State

Zip Phone

81-03-14-81

Almost everyone these days is out there claiming to make simple, easy to operate personal computers.

But unfortunately, what the computer world considers "simple and easy" can be worlds away from what you consider "simple and easy."

At Xerox we grew up in the business world and earned our reputation by designing business machines for business people.

The Xerox personal computer is no exception.

XEROX

On The Scene

by JILL LIEBER

HERE'S SOME ADVICE TO THOSE WHOSE SKIN KEEPS ON CRAWLING AFTER A SWIM

The Itch. Many a swimmer is frantically scratching these days and wondering what to do about the tender red blotches that dot his skin. With more people plunging into pools, especially heavily used indoor pools that tend to be saturated with chemicals, the bothersome rash has spread almost as fast as the fitness craze.

But breathe easier, swimmers. Dr. Stephen B. Kurtin, Assistant Clinical Professor of Dermatology at New York City's Mount Sinai School of Medicine, doesn't believe "The Itch" should cause a great deal of concern. "Most swimmers have had it at one time or another," says Kurtin, a nationally ranked Masters breaststroke swimmer in the 40-44 age

group. "And they've been able to cure it themselves."

Swimmer's Itch, which Kurtin clinically refers to as *aesthetotic eczema*, is not an allergic reaction to chlorine, as most swimmers fear. Instead, it is simply caused by excessively dry skin.

"Chlorine does not penetrate the skin, but it sucks out the oils that keep the natural moisture in," says Kurtin, who sees several patients each year with swimmer's itch. "The amount of water determines the skin's suppleness. After a swimmer experiences repeated, prolonged immersion, any water that is added to his skin is rapidly evaporated. As a result, the skin becomes very dry. From then on, it's a vicious cycle. Chlorine is an irritant. It causes a tingling sensation on the already dry areas."

Usually, The Itch runs its course in three days. But there is a slight hitch.

"The best way to get rid of the rash is to wash with mild soap after each swim,"

Kurtin says. "Don't dry off completely afterward. Instead, apply a moisturizing lotion. Those containing urea or lactic acid are best." Kurtin says he doesn't recommend the soaps and lotions now on the market that claim to be especially for swimmers. "They are of no advantage," he says.

However, relief in another form is in sight. Several nonchemical purification systems that reduce the need for chlorine and other chemicals in pools are now being refined. Scientists believe these systems may rub The Itch right off the sports malsady map. One uses short-wave ultraviolet energy, which explodes unwanted microorganisms. Another, ionization, kills bacteria and algae with electrical current. A third technique, ozone generation, sterilizes the water by breaking down organic matter into carbon dioxide and water. Until those methods catch on, though, swimmers will have to arm themselves with moisturizing lotion. **END**

Fortunate cookie.

If there's a Koss stereophone in your future, you're indeed fortunate. Because unlike speakers, Koss stereophones mix the music in your head, not off the walls of your room. So you can crank up the volume without making anyone else cranky. And Koss stereophones offer a sound quality that would cost a fortune to duplicate in loudspeakers. Old Chinese proverb say: Peace and quiet come to those who wear Koss stereophones... and to those who give them as gifts.

Look for Koss stereophones like the Pro-Fi, HV-X and the new Sound Former KSP portable stereophone at your Audio Dealer. And ask to hear the pocket-size Koss Music Box AM-FM stereo.

KOSS® Stereophones/Loudspeakers/Digital Delay Systems
hearing is believing

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS 4709N Port Washington Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211 • 312/661-1000 Canada England France Germany Ireland



AT THESE GREAT HOTELS, YOU'RE WORTH WAITING FOR.

With an American Express Card Assured Reservation
there's a room waiting, even if you're hours late.

Any review of great American hotels would have to include the unique establishments below. These hotels all share a common tradition of luxury and first-class service.

You can use the American Express Card at all of them, of course. And now you can make an American Express Card Assured Reservation, too. With an Assured Reservation, the hotel will keep a room waiting for you right up until check-out time the next day.

And if for any reason a room isn't available when you arrive, the hotel will pay for a room at a comparable hotel, transportation there, and a phone call. If your plans change, call the hotel before 6 P.M. their time (4 P.M. at resorts) to get a cancellation number so you won't be billed. And if you don't already have the American Express Card, call 800-528-8000 for an application. Remember, at these great hotels, you're worth waiting for.



The McCormick is Chicago's meeting hotel, with 20 rooms for meetings from 20 to 2,000 people. With a location right across the street from the Convention Center. With teams of meeting experts at your service. With a kind of hushed luxury provided by a private club,

covered parking, limousine airport service, and suites done in earth tones. With restaurants like The Other Side cocktail lounge and The Sign of the Street. The McCormick even has its own double-decker bus going downtown.

McCormick Inn, 23rd St. & Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60616, (312) 791-1900. Toll-Free 800-621-6909.



**MCCORMICK INN
CHICAGO**

The Kingsley Inn offers uncommonly fine dining in its award-winning gourmet restaurant, plus all the services and amenities one expects of a well-established, top-notch hotel. The Kingsley Inn can accommodate up to 1,100 for business meetings and banquets. For business or pleasure in the Detroit area, The Kingsley Inn is a most princely choice.

The Kingsley Inn, 1475 Woodward at Long Lake Rd., Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013, (313) 644-1400.



**THE KINGSLEY INN
BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MI**

Winner of the Mohl Four-Star Award every year since its opening in 1975. Small wonder. It provides the business and vacation traveler with unexpected luxury and service in the center of downtown Cleveland. The Convention Center, in fact, is right next door. First-class dining at the Bostre, with live and lively entertainment.

The Bond Court Hotel, East Sixth at St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, OH 44114, (216) 771-7600. Toll-Free 800-321-1090.



**THE
BOND COURT HOTEL
CLEVELAND**

The Cincinnati Drawbridge Inn is truly one-of-a-kind. It can handle meetings of up to 2,000 people in a single showspace exposition hall. The Drawbridge has 401 plush rooms, 3 restaurants, 3 pools, whirlpools, tennis courts, exercise rooms, and live entertainment. And it's only a 5-minute drive from the Cincinnati Airport and downtown Cincinnati.

The Cincinnati Drawbridge



**THE CINCINNATI
DRAWBRIDGE INN**

Motor Inn, I-75 at Buttermilk Pike, Ft. Mitchell, KY 41017, (606) 341-2800.



**SOMERSET INN
TROY, MICHIGAN**

Troy, MI 48064, (313) 643-7800.

Vacation or business travelers will find the Somerset Inn, in Michigan, a hotel with spectacular architecture and appointments, along with activities to suit your mood. From fine French restaurants to a movie theater, from high-style shopping to the 4-season swimming pool. The accommodations range from high-rise penthouses to cabins and town houses.

Somerset Inn, 2601 W. Big Beaver,

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

VIEWPOINT

by JIM KAPLAN

A MESSAGE TO THE AMERICAN LEAGUE: SMARTEN UP AND GIVE UP ON THE DH

In the first inning of Game 3 of the recent World Series, the Dodgers' Bill Russell executed one of baseball's most difficult maneuvers—a righthanded push bunt between the pitcher and the first baseman. The hit contributed to a three-run inning, and the Dodgers scored a 5-4 victory that turned the Series around.

In the fourth inning of Game 6, New York's Tommy John was guarding a 1-0 lead, with Dodgers on first and second, two outs and Steve Yeager at the plate. The obvious move was to walk Yeager and face Pitcher Burt Hooton. Unfortunately, Yankee Manager Bob Lemon, not often confronted with that kind of a decision, then came unglued. Lemon had John pitch to Yeager, who hit a run-scoring single. Questionably, again, Lemon pinch-hit for John in the bottom of that inning, and the Dodgers ended the Series in the fifth by teeing off on John's successor, George Frazier.

Because they were superior players

and thinkers, the third- or fourth-best team in the National League took the Series from the best of the American League four games to two. The NL has won five of the last seven Series and 18 of the last 19 All-Star Games. Last season the NL had a 3.49-3.66 earned run average advantage and was out-hit just .256-.255 despite using pitchers at the plate instead of designated hitters.

In explaining the marked imbalance between the two leagues, baseball observers usually cite three factors: The NL recruited blacks first and has been more aggressive in signing Hispanics; expansion to 14 teams has diluted talent in the



© 1994 Winston & Strawn LLP. All rights reserved. Winston & Strawn LLP is a member firm of the law firm of Winston & Strawn LLP, a member firm of the law firm of Winston & Strawn LLP.

Nobody does it better.

Winston L

© 1994 Winston & Strawn LLP

AL more than in the 12-team NL, and the National has superior farm teams. These reasons are valid, but a more important one may be the style of play we saw in the critical moments of the '81 Series. National League teams play smart, fundamental baseball, by comparison, most American League teams are deficient. (Yankee owner George Steinbrenner admitted as much after the Series when he decreed that his players would go back to basics next spring.)

Playing for the one-run inning, NL teams bunt, sacrifice, pinch-hit, hit-and-run and steal (they stole 1.7 bases a game to the AL's 1.2 last season, a statistic not

entirely attributable to the predominance of artificial turf in NL parks). American League teams wait for the big inning. That's not only bad baseball, but boring, too. All three NL playoffs were five-game thrillers; in the AL, only the Yankee-Brewer series lasted more than the required three games.

The National League has a history of playing more aggressively, and the American League's adoption of the designated hitter in 1973 appears to have made AL teams less assertive than ever. With a ninth hitter in the lineup, it's easy to await a big inning—and hard to change gears, both in the field and on the bench.

In one Series game Lemon allowed his shell-shocked relievers to bat for themselves possibly on the theory that if they didn't, he'd run out of pitchers.

Granted, the Yankees were at a big disadvantage in a DH-less Series. Their DH-oriented bench was limited to pinch-hitting. Forget all suggestions that AL teams be allowed to use the DH in Series games played in their parks. Forget that next year, in line with Bowie Kuhn's rotating schedule, the DH will be used by both leagues in every game. The DH cost the American League. The first step toward parity should be junking the concept once and for all.

END

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

This is your world.
This is your Winston.
The only low tar
built on taste.

lights



It's the spirit that counts.



This year for Christmas,
give The Crown Jewel of England.™

SCORECARD

HOW TOP-RANKED CLEMSON MADE SOME BAD NEWS WORSE

Clemson was voted the top team in college football for the first time in its history last week, but what should have been a proud moment was tainted by the reaction of the university's president, Dr. Bill Lee Atchley, to a nine-minute report on ABC-TV concerning allegations of abuses by Tiger recruiters. Atchley maintained that ABC, which aired the report at halftime of the Nov. 28 Penn State-Pitt game, had no business doing so because an NCAA investigation into the charges was in progress, an argument vaguely reminiscent of pleas by the Nixon White House that the press leave the Watergate investigation to the proper authorities. It was an especially curious contention coming from a college president presumably committed to freedom of inquiry. In a similar spirit NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers had earlier sent a wire to ABC asking that the half-time telecast be canceled.

The ABC report was an updated version of one the network decided not to air during its telecast of the Nov. 7 Clemson-North Carolina game (SCORECARD, Nov. 30). That decision fueled suspicions that the network was bowing to pressure from Clemson officials, who had threatened to refuse to let the Tigers take the field unless the report was scrapped. But ABC Producer Jeff Ruhe said the network held off because it wanted to talk to other sources and "to evaluate the credibility of the charges."

The charges were made by two former Knoxville, Tenn. high school football stars, James Cofer and Terry Minor, who in December 1989 signed letters of intent to play for Clemson. Last February, they changed their minds and asked Clemson for releases from those letters, only to be turned down. They then reported to the NCAA that they had been offered money to sign with the school. They went public with their story in *The Knoxville News-Sentinel* in June. Atchley then granted them their desired releases; however, they are now not attending any school.

Cofer and Minor repeated their allegations on camera for ABC. They said they'd been given \$1,000 and \$500 in cash, respectively, as "Christmas presents" from Tom C. Breazeale, a Knoxville insurance man and Clemson alumnus, for agreeing to attend the school. Cofer said he'd been offered the money earlier by Clemson Coach Danny Ford and a former Ford assistant, Bill Ware. Breazeale, Ford and Ware wouldn't talk on camera to ABC, although Ware denied to SI that he offered money to Cofer. Bending over backward to suggest that Cofer and Minor may have had axes to grind,

commentator Jim Lampley told the TV audience that evaluation of their charges "must take into account the fact they were associated with Cofer and Minor's efforts to secure a release from their commitment to Clemson."

It was perhaps inevitable that ABC's motives in running the interviews would be called into question. ABC pays handsomely for the right to cover college football, and like the other two major networks, it has often been less than hard-hitting in covering sports it pays to telecast. So why the departure from established practice with regard to Clemson? Ruhe cited an ABC effort to be more "topical," but Clemson partisans claimed that the network, which is telecasting the Pitt-Georgia Sugar Bowl showdown on New Year's Day, was trying to denigrate Clemson because the T-

igers are scheduled to play Nebraska in the Orange Bowl on NBC at the same hour. "They [ABC] were trying to do that [the Cofer-Minor report] to help the Sugar Bowl, and I just can't get over it," said Stan Marks, chairman of the Orange Bowl's selection committee. Clemson Athletic Director Bill McLellan agreed: "I think they were trying to promote the Sugar Bowl." Ascribing such Machiavellian intent to ABC is far-fetched. The network began preparing its report on Clemson even before bowl bids went out.

The protect-the-Sugar-Bowl thesis was also advanced by Atchley, who further said, "ABC and the media are taking it upon themselves to find out what's going on, but they should leave it to the NCAA." Atchley told SI's Bob Sullivan that Cofer and Minor

came across on TV like "two young people walking through the clover, like they were coming out of heaven," and said of the ABC telecast, "It harmed the university. And it could have an effect on an outstanding coach, a good Christian, Danny Ford." Asked whether he felt the press had the right to investigate suspected wrongdoers, Atchley said, "If they break the law, they should be [investigated]. All NCAA rules [violations] aren't breaking the law."

Atchley thus appeared to be denying the press the right to examine possible ethical, as distinct from criminal, transgressions or, indeed, to look into any matter that hasn't already resulted in a conviction in court. For its part, the NCAA had already taken a somewhat different position, holding that its less-than-arm's-length relationship with ABC obliges the latter to restrain its coverage, in his telegram to ABC, Byers had suggested that if the Cofer-Minor



Wrap up a Beautiful Christmas at Sears

GIVE'EM WHAT THEY REALLY WANT...



NOW \$24.99 SAVE \$5
MANUAL 6-AMP
BATTERY CHARGER

Recharges most batteries 33% faster than our 4-amp chargers.



NOW \$69.99 SAVE \$10
SEARS EXCLUSIVE "FOUR-IN-ONE"
BATTERY CHARGER

For autos, trucks, motorcycles, deep-cycle batteries. Timed maintain charge at 1.5 amps rate. 12-hour timer.



NOW \$29.99 SAVE \$10
CRAFTSMAN TIMING LIGHT

Sears Best and brightest! Sears exclusive detachable leads. Inductive pickup.



NOW \$79.99 SAVE \$20
CRAFTSMAN ENGINE ANALYZER

Sears Best. Performs over 30 ignition and electrical system tests. Helps you troubleshoot like a pro! Inductive pickup.

IN-DASH AM/FM CASSETTE



NOW \$179.99 SAVE \$20

14 watts of power per channel. Auto reverse. Dolby® noise reduction system. Separate controls for bass, treble and loudness.

IN-DASH AM/FM CASSETTE



NOW \$149.99 SAVE \$20

Auto reverse. Pushbutton preset for 5 stations. Locking fast-forward and rewind. 4-way speaker balance control.

IN-DASH AM/FM CASSETTE



NOW \$99.99 SAVE \$30

Pushbutton preset for 5 stations. Fast-forward, manual eject. Automatic stop. 4-way speaker balance control. 8-track also on sale.

IN-DASH AM/FM CASSETTE



NOW \$59.99 SAVE \$10

Lighted dial. Automatic stop. Fast-forward/eject switch. FM stereo light indicator. Balance control. 8-track also on sale.



**NOW \$69.99 SAVE \$15
JENSEN TRI-AX
SPEAKERS**

6 x 9-inch woofer delivers deep, rich tones. 3-inch midrange driver. 2-inch solid state tweeter for high frequency tones. Handles up to 50-watt continuous input.



SEARS CAR CARE SAVINGS COUPON BOOK

Contains 11 coupons good for savings on automotive services. Good any time within 12 months from date of purchase. Use all 11 coupons and save a total of \$88 off our regular prices. **\$19.99** Reg. Price

**NOW \$17.99 SAVE \$7
VACUUM CLEANER**

Heavy duty with built-in light. Removable dust bag. Plugs into cigarette lighter.

**NOW \$9.99 each SAVE \$7
QUARTZ HALOGEN LIGHTS**

Provides brighter light, better visibility than conventional headlights. Your choice of amber or clear lenses.

**NOW \$9.47 SAVE 35%
PETERSEN'S BIG BOOK**

Special edition! Includes \$35.00 worth of discount coupons for do-it-yourself Sears items. Save an additional \$2 when you redeem manufacturer's coupon. Save a total of 50% on price reduction and coupon redemption.

**NOW \$15.99 SAVE \$4
AIR PUMP**

105 PSI with built-in air gauge. Snap-on coupler. Plugs into cigarette lighter. Inflates tires, sports equipment, air shocks, etc.



SEARS HOLIDAY AUTOMOTIVE SALE

SALE ENDS DECEMBER 24TH

Most items at reduced prices.
Sale prices December 6th through December 24th.
Prices and dates apply only to continental United States.
Minimum savings nationally.

©Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1981

You can count on Sears

interviews had to run, they should be aired on a newscast rather than on a halftime show.

ABC's willingness to take on Clemson and the NCAA—and the resulting implication that its game coverage is a newscast—came as welcome proof that the networks don't always have to play quite so cozy with the sports they cover. In refusing to concede this point, Clemson and the NCAA were, in effect, asserting a right to dictate the news. Given the posture of Clemson's administration, it wasn't surprising

that handbills denouncing ABC were widely circulated on that school's campus, or even that the Tigers' sports information director, Bob Bradley, helpfully alerted a local sportswriter to a brush with the law that ABC's Lampley once had: in 1976 Lampley was arrested on a seven-year-old marijuana-possession charge, which was subsequently dropped. What this had to do with the allegations of under-the-table payments that the two former football recruits had leveled against Clemson wasn't exactly clear.

TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS

By going to the bother of holding a special convention last week in St. Louis, the NCAA signaled that it had urgent matters to take up. Would that organization do something at long last about the big-money, high-pressure atmosphere that contributes to academic abuses, recruiting violations and other ills besetting intercollegiate athletics? Not at all. What the NCAA did in St. Louis was to try to satisfy the desire of some of its most prominent members to make big-time college sport bigger than ever.

The schools the NCAA sought to mollify were the 61 gridiron powers that belong to the College Football Association. Those institutions would rather not have to answer to schools that don't share 1) their philosophy or 2) their success on the field and at the gate. Accordingly, CFA members had threatened to sign a contract for television coverage of their games with NBC in defiance of the NCAA, which has traditionally handled TV negotiations for its members and which had been working on a deal to sell TV rights jointly to ABC and CBS. At stake in the CFA challenge is control over TV revenues, of which CFA members want a larger share.

Concerned that it might be torn apart by the CFA mutiny, the NCAA voted in St. Louis to restructure itself along lines long favored by the big-time football powers. The realignment, which sets stricter criteria based on minimum stadium capacity and attendance for membership in the NCAA's Division I-A, makes it likely that I-A will shrink from 137 to fewer than 100 schools, with members of the Ivy League, Mid-American Conference and Missouri Valley Conference and such smaller independents as Colgate and Richmond among those being assigned to lower I-AA status.

However, the NCAA's move may not have brought all the rebels in line. Several CFA members, including Oklahoma, Texas, Florida, Georgia and Clemson, re-

mained dissatisfied with the NCAA's continued insistence on maintaining final say over TV matters; with a Dec. 14 contract deadline nearing for CFA members, those schools indicated they might stick with NBC.

Another CFA member reportedly still leaning toward a separate CFA deal with NBC is Penn State. Joe Paterno, the Nittany Lions' coach and athletic director, argued that the big football powers had to control their own destiny and that the realignment was only a first step, albeit a welcome one. Shedding no tears over the prospect that Ivy League schools, for example, will wind up in a lesser division, Paterno said, "The Ivy League is in another world. I'm in the real world." That last boast is doubtlessly accurate. However, considering the abuses and excesses that attend major college football, there's reason to question whether the real world inhabited by Paterno and other big-football devotees is necessarily the best world.

OH, NO, NOT AGAIN!

According to a reliable source, Bob Lemon is out as the New York Yankee manager. The same source says that George Steinbrenner, as is his custom, will name as the next Yankee manager a former Yankee manager. Having already rehired both Billy Martin and Lemon, Steinbrenner is now getting ready to bring back Gene Michael, who served as the Yankee skipper for 82 games before being sacked last September. Michael's return would leave Ralph Houk, Bill Virdon and Dick Howser, who now work for the Red Sox, Astros and Royals, respectively, as the only exiled managers whom the forgiving Steinbrenner hasn't deigned to bring back for another try.

THE ALPS VS. LeROY

The works of LeRoy Neiman, the masterful artist whose slapdash sketches of sporting scenes seemingly roll off an as-

sembly line, show up in the darndest places. For instance, in the eighth-floor conference room in the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency building in Geneva, where Soviet and American diplomats last week held their first negotiating session on limiting intermediate-range nuclear weapons in Europe. Twelve American and 12 Soviet delegates sat on either side of a long table, the Americans facing windows commanding views of Lake Geneva and Mont Blanc and other snow-covered peaks beyond, the Soviets looking at a wall adorned with three Neiman prints depicting action in tennis, hockey and U.S. football.

We wouldn't be surprised if those seating arrangements wind up costing the U.S. side a Pershing II missile or two.

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET

Don Arbour, an assistant editor of the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, notes that during the 1981 football season Yale was four points better (23-19) than Navy, which was 12 points better (35-23) than Syracuse, which was three points better (27-24) than West Virginia, which was five points better (24-19) than Temple, which was 31 points better (31-0) than Colgate, which was 13 points better (27-14) than Lehigh, which was three points better (24-21) than Delaware, which was 53 points better (61-8) than Princeton, which for the first time in 15 years beat Yale, 35-31.

In other words, Yale was 128 points better than Yale.

THEY SAID IT

● Tom Lasorda, Dodger manager, after the firing of Laker Coach Paul Westhead: "I got nervous the other day when a friend said he saw Fernando Valenzuela in a restaurant with Magic Johnson."

● Duffy Daugherty, TV color man, claiming that Washington had 12 men on the field during a key play in the Huskies' 13-3 win over USC: "I counted all the legs and divided by two." **END**



How the 1982 Rabbit works: The upshift light.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

People drive cars with stick shifts for two reasons. They're fun. And, they're economical.

With this in mind, VW engineers have developed a unique Formula-E System upshift light for all gas and diesel Rabbits. And, for all their other cars.

The light's electronic brain monitors and analyzes engine speed, engine load and gear selection. Then, the dashboard light comes on to tell you precisely when to shift to get the most car performance for the least fuel consumption.

Following it faithfully could get you about 7% better mileage than last year's Rabbit. Thus, the light frees you to revel in all the Rabbit's other built-in advantages. Like front-wheel drive. Sprightly pickup. And superb handling.

Yet all the while, you'll be driving it nearly as perfectly as the EPA says you can. And maybe even better.

Diesel EPA is 58 highway estimate, and an estimated 83 mpg. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Actual mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

Better By Just A Tiny Bit

As the game's greatest rivalry resumed, a little man gave the Celtics a big lift over the 76ers

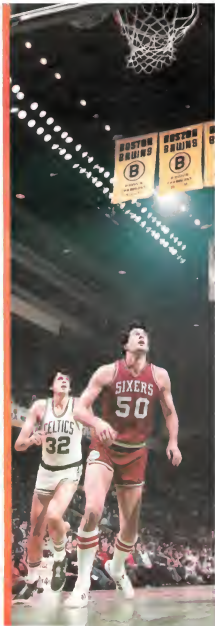
by **ANTHONY COTTON**

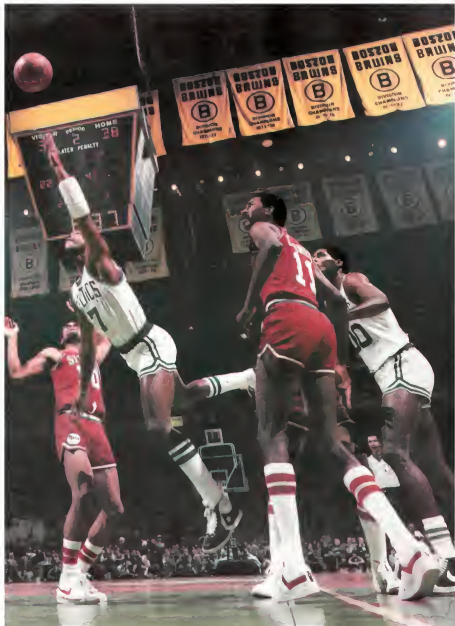
Let's see, now. Magic Johnson's playing games and Marques Johnson isn't. Hubie Brown leaves coaching to become an announcer and Kevin Loughery leaves announcing to coach Brown's old team. San Antonio, with its Fire and Ice backcourt, is hot, and Houston—an NBA Championship finalist last May—isn't. Oh yes, Boston and Philadelphia are at it again. Round 1 was fought last Friday night in Boston, and it went to the Celtics 111-103. The other developments had to do with mere basketball. Beantown gave us a glimpse of holy wars.

True, the game was but the first of six regular-season meetings between the two teams, but Boston Coach Bill Fitch says he can remember only one time in the last two years that a Celtics-Sixers matchup wasn't important. That was the last game of the 1979-80 season, when playoff positioning had already been decided. Even so, that was a six-point tinger. "There's been no time to enjoy the last two years because we're so involved with each other," Fitch says. "Sometimes I think it's more important to them to beat us during the regular season than in the playoffs."

The playoffs. They're what made this first *continued*

With Dawkins out, Tiny Archibald drove the middle often, exceeding his coach's expectations.





game so special, because the last time the two teams met, also in Boston Garden, nothing less than the NBA Championship was on the line. After the Celtics overcame a 3-1 deficit in games and went on to win the deciding seventh game 91-90, there was little doubt that they would take the title, and they did, defeating Houston four games to two.

Some believed last season's failure would devastate the '76ers, but they entered Friday's game the winners of 10 of their last 11, and with a 14-2 record, the best in the NBA (but only a half game ahead of the 14-3 Celtics). Half of Philadelphia's wins had come on the road, where it was undefeated. Boston was 9-1 at home. Sixers General Manager Pat Williams said, "If we win, does it prove anything? No. But it would give us a lift psychologically to break service in the other people's building."

"With each game, some little thing gets established," said Julius Erving.

"Then the next game you play chess again until you find the things you can use to win in the end."

Of course, all these strategic subtleties wouldn't matter as much if the teams were battling for last place, which hasn't happened very often. "We go through thorough studies of our players on and off the court," Coach Billy Cunningham says. "In the end we'll accept a little less talent in someone who works a little harder for the team. The end of the bench is very important, because they're the ones who can cause the most problems in the locker rooms."

Fitch agrees. "Other teams have as much talent as we do, if not more, but it doesn't mesh as well. Also, you know both teams will play you hard every night. On other teams the players sometimes play not to lose; we play to win." But not always in the same style. Philadelphia, the veteran team, is looser, while the Celtics, perhaps just because they are

the Celtics, are more restrained. At mid-day Friday the Sixers held a short workout in the Garden before owner Harold Katz, the press and anyone who happened to stroll in, while the Celtics, as is their custom under Fitch, drilled in private for almost two hours at Hellenic College in Brookline. On Friday night a pair of television vets in the Boston locker room were smartly switched from a rerun of *The Jeffersons* to a cassette of the rerun of the exhibition game played on Oct. 9 between Boston and Philly. Boston had won that one 103-94. *The game's the thing.*

And Boston won last Friday night, although Philadelphia probably had more talent. Sound familiar? Portland prevailed over Philly in the 1977 championship series, L.A. in 1980—but Boston has inflicted the most pain. There was that two-point defeat in the seventh game of the 1961-62 divisional finals (when the Philadelphia team was the Warriors). Three years later another seventh game was lost by a point when an rebound pass was stolen by John Havlicek, and Boston again won the East.

Last spring the Sixers blew a six-point lead with 1:51 to go in the fifth game, a 17-point lead in the sixth and an 11-point margin in the seventh game.

Cunningham missed the 1967-68 fold-up because of a broken wrist. Philly had gone ahead 3-1 in games only to blow yet another divisional title. But now as coach he found last year's defeat especially painful. "It took me several weeks to get over it, to figure out what happened and what didn't," Cunningham says. "I knew certain people wouldn't come back strong, but I had no doubts about this team this year." After the preseason Cunningham dumped his double big-man tandem of Darryl Dawkins and Caldwell Jones, replacing C.J. with erstwhile sixth man Bobby Jones, who could do more of those "little things" that all good team players do.

Dawkins stayed in the starting lineup as the enforcer for the smallish front line. He was averaging more than nine rebounds a game while shooting 62.2% from the floor before missing a pair of games last week with a hyperextended right knee. It was hoped that he would recover for the Celtics, but a noticeable limp restricted him to only 11 minutes. "It's better to lose him for one night than one month," said Cunningham.

Bobby Jones, here looking for a pass from the Doc, now starts rather than subs.



Apart from the on-the-court changes, Philadelphia has benefited from a change in attitude as well, according to Erving: "Last year we entered the season believing we had to win the championship or be considered failures. So in the regular season, winning was routine and losing was almost catastrophic. We weren't learning anything about us over the course of the season, how we were playing, how we used people, the character of the team."

"We have to decide when to be structured and patterned and when to just go out and play. We didn't do that against Boston last year. This year we're learning how to enjoy each regular-season game and still be there in the end."

There is where Boston returned after Celtic tradition took a three-year leave of absence following the 1975-76 championship, because of uninspired players and over-inspired owners. The nadir came in the 1978-79 season when Boston finished last in the Atlantic Division, 25 games out of first with a 29-53 record. But before that somest of seasons even started the Celtics had begun closing in on the man who would help lead them out of the wilderness—Larry Bird. In the draft they picked Bird as a junior eligible, and in 1979 he joined the team. He would become the catalyst for the new/old Celts, who, oddly enough, were patterned in part after Philadelphia. Fitch was in his first season in Boston. "The Sixers blew us away in an exhibition game in Maine [120-101] that year, and I said I'd be happy if we could be half as good as they were," he recalls. "They were the standard that we were trying to shoot for."

The Celtics finished that season 61-21, having achieved the best one-year turnaround in NBA history. Boston even split the season's series with the Sixers, but Philly stuffed the Celtics in the conference playoff finals in five games. In the off-season the 76ers again were the inspiration for change in Boston as Fitch tried to figure out a way of keeping up with the Joneses while keeping the Doctor away.

Unable to out-finesse the Sixers, the Celtics decided to bludgeon them, trading for Robert Parish, drafting Kevin McHale and planning to give more time to Rick Robey off the bench.

However, the Celtics' delicate balance and camaraderie may soon be disrupted

when Danny Ainge, late of the Toronto Blue Jays, dons his new green sneakers. He has signed a five-year Celtic contract at an estimated \$350,000 per year. And when he's activated it will be goodby to one of the less visible Celtics. Still another move will have to be made when M.L. Carr comes off the injured list, where he's spent the season so far because of a fractured right leg.

"The fellas have treated me as well as can be expected under the circumstances," Ainge says, "but I'm sure there may be some hard feelings if someone has to leave."

"I drive around town and hear my name being tossed around on the radio talk shows all the time," reserve Center-Forward Eric Fernsten said before Friday's game. "One guy calls in and I'm a Celtic, the next one calls and I'm not. No one's as worried about what's gonna happen tonight as what's gonna happen next week."

On this night, at least, the mystique was intact. Ainge was sitting at the press table next to the Boston bench. Chris Ford, whose playing time is likely to be cut when Ainge joins up, bombed the 76ers with three first-period three-pointers as Boston raced to a four-point lead at the quarter that became 13 at halftime.

When Dawkins picked up his fourth personal in the first minute of the second half and then Parish hit a long jumper from near the top of the key, the Garden fans sensed a rout. But Philly came back by crashing the offensive boards, cutting the Boston margin to 75-68 on a Caldwell Jones basket that came after four offensive rebounds. Boston would get 11 offensive rebounds in the game, the Sixers 13, 10 in the second half.

To counteract Philadelphia's aggressiveness, Fitch moved Bird, who had a— for him—quiet 24 points and 10 rebounds, to guard with 9:08 to play and Boston leading 88-83. It was the second consecutive game in which Bird was used in the backcourt, and only the fifth time in his professional career. Cunningham chose not to put someone bigger than the



Ainge (left) will bolster Boston's aging backcourt.

6' 3" Lionel Hollins on the 6' 9" Bird.

Indeed, in Bird's eight-minute stint in the backcourt, the Sixers cut the Boston lead to 92-91 and 94-93 before McHale and Nate Archibald put the game away by combining for 14 points in the last five minutes. Just before the game's opening tip, Fitch had told Archibald, "Go out and get 21," and Tamy came through, almost, scoring 22 on nine-of-12 shooting from the field, with eight assists. When Dawkins was on the bench, he drove the lane seemingly at will. McHale scored 18 points, added six rebounds and blocked three shots in 24 minutes.

And, although it was only a regular-season game, it did put the Celtics into first place temporarily. ("We're Number One," the fans chanted). The next night, in New York, Boston was routed 103-83, and fell back to No. 2 in the division as the Sixers beat the Nets. "It's hard when you played a very tough game the night before," Fitch reasoned Saturday night, "and then have to play a team which was idle the night before and which had lost by 26 two nights before."

Fitch should not have any difficulty getting the Celtics up for a game on Dec. 19: That will be Round 2, in Philadelphia's Spectrum.



A Sad Show For Smokeless Joe

After a 5½-year layoff, 37-year-old Joe Frazier returned to the ring to fight—please say it isn't so, Joe—Jumbo Cummings by **WILLIAM NACK**

These have been ignoble times for old heavyweight champions, a reminder of that lamentable era following World War II when Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles and Joe Walcott lingered far too long and paid the price.

There was Muhammad Ali, 38, sitting on his stool in a parking lot in Las Vegas just over a year ago, his eyes puffed and discolored, unable to answer the bell for the 11th round against champion Larry Holmes. There was Ken Norton, who said he was 35, pinned helplessly in his own corner in the first round in Madison Square Garden last May as young Gerry Cooney bludgeoned him senseless before the ref stopped it.

And last Thursday, in the International Amphitheatre in Chicago, there was

yet another sorry scene. It was there that a smokeless Joe Frazier, 37, came back 5½ years after George Foreman pounded him into retirement at the Nassau Coliseum in Unionsdale, N.Y. For the occasion Frazier chose as his opponent a lumbering, muscle-bound, unranked autochthon named Floyd (Jumbo) Cummings, 30, who had a record of 17-1 after turning pro in June 1979 and who had spent the previous 12 years in Illinois' Stateville Prison for murder.

Though the fight ended in a controversial draw—referee Nate Morgan had Cummings winning 46-45, while judges Harold Marovitz and Collins Brown had it tied, 47-47 and 46-46, respectively—that verdict was the night's only moment of ambiguity. Poignantly clearer was the

fact that Joe Frazier, the good and gallant "Smokin' Joe," hadn't eluded the inexorable march of time.

Here was the fighter whose tireless legs and shoulder-rolling motion had tracked and hounded Ali from one end of the ring to another as he won a decision in their epic first match in the Garden in 1971. On Thursday, Frazier lost his legs almost completely when Cummings staggered him with a right uppercut in the third round, and often found himself pinned to the ropes and unable to spin out or, in fact, to move at all.

Here was the Frazier whose left hook had been a hullwhip, lashing Ali's jaw in that first fight, dropping him in the 15th round. Then—4½ years later—he pounded Ali so relentlessly in their third fight that Ali, though he won, said he'd never felt so close to death. Last week that furious and unerring hook, when it wasn't missing altogether, had no effect.

With his droopy drawers and rusty moves, Frazier was hardly a sight for sore eyes.

Here was a Frazier who had fought by instinct and will, always going forward, but now was fighting as if from dim memory.

If this was painful to watch for the first few rounds, it became nearly unbearable in the eighth. Cummings is no banger—he's a reformed weight lifter, with bunched muscles, and his punches lack the snap of a heavy hitter—but by then he'd had Frazier's nose and mouth bleeding and left eye swelling.

Suddenly Frazier was in trouble in a corner. Both fighters were tired by now, but Cummings hit Frazier with a series of blows that sent him reeling. Lefts and rights caught Frazier in the body. He crouched and Cummings brought his punches up, pounding Frazier with lefts and rights to the head. A left and right staggered Frazier. His legs wobbled and he seemed about to fall. His head bobbed like a spring doll's. His mouth was bleeding again. He pitched forward, his legs giving way, and he clutched desperately at Cummings, as if to hold on to

what little remained of his boxing life. He was just able to keep his feet.

Frazier survived the round and the two that followed, but the sight of him on the stool, with an ice pack pressed to his head, was a sad reminder of the Ali of a year ago. Here was another Gatsby of sport who was trying vainly to recapture the past.

"I am one of God's men," Frazier had said repeatedly beforehand to explain why he had returned.

The heavyweight title is still divided between Holmes, the WBC champion, and Mike Weaver, the WBA champ, and the contenders are largely untested. "Nothing out there," Frazier said.

Holmes? "Take the jab away from Larry and he'll come down to where I am," Frazier said.

Weaver? "He'd be a pushover," he said.

Cooney? "A big kid with one hand," he said.

So Frazier came back, he says, to fill a void in the ranks. He received \$73,000 as his purse, with \$12,000 more for expenses, but he earns \$70,000 a year from investments made in his glory days and he doesn't need to fight to live comfortably. Yet, he said before the fight, "I always need money. I love to spend money. I love to party. I have the ability, the energy, the know-how. Why take all that energy and know-how and party with it? Why waste it?"

The decision to come back was made last December, says Marvis Frazier, Joe's son, the heavyweight. But the old man had been thinking about it for at least a year before that. "It's not pride, not ego, not money," says his adviser, Sharon Hatch. "There's no Frazier out there, no Ali, no Joe Louis. He was restless, bored. He believes he can still do it."

Frazier never really left the gym after his retirement. He claims he has been training in his own place in Philadelphia the last few years, running with his fighters in the morning, working out regularly on the bags and keeping himself reasonably fit. To convince a re-

luctant family that he still knew what he was doing in the ring, he had his wife, Florence, and his three daughters, Welta, Natasha and Jonetta, come to the gym as he sparred with three heavyweights—Marvis, Pinklon Thomas and former contender Jimmy Young. "I was impressed," Marvis says.

After a couple of false starts, including a prospective fight with Scott LeDoux that never got off the ground, Frazier signed to fight Cummings. Jumbo says he grew up in Getback, Miss. and that his nickname derived from his prison days, when he weighed 275 pounds. He had slimmed down to 223½. Frazier was 229, 23½ more than when he beat Ali. Cummings' biggest fight, such as it was, came last March when he lost a unanimous decision to Renaldo Snipes, who lost to Holmes last month. Frazier and Cummings are amiable fellows, and there was about as much animosity between them as between Laurel and Hardy.

After the weigh-in, Ali called Frazier from his headquarters in the Bahamas, where he was trying to trim his bulk for his own strange comeback this Friday night against Trevor Berbick.

"We got to make the old men proud," Ali said.

"I hear you," said Joe. "I'm gonna hold my end of the deal up."

"We're old men and we gotta show the world we can do it," Ali said.

"Don't call me old," said Joe.

Ali was right. They are old men. In Chicago Frazier was without legs, reflexes, timing and that astonishing endurance with which he once celebrated his youth, his glory and his name. The trouble is, Frazier doesn't know he's old. He wants to fight for the title again. The problem is rust, he says, not age, and the answer is more fine tuning.

"Everything I wanted to do out there, I done it," he said, the day after the fight. "Last night I was just beginning to get back into what I wanted to do. . . . I went the distance. . . . You can't say at 37, 38 that I'm old. I feel sorry for people who believe they're old at 37, 38. . . . Anything my boys can do, I can do better. And longer. You hear me?"

And then the new refrain. "I'm one of God's men. Separate me from the rest of these. Things that happen to me don't happen to every man."

On to the Bahamas.

9840

The former champ paid the price and needed ice.



No Hanky-Panky For America's Team

Witchcraft was out and crafty play in as UConn's homebreds outlasted Alabama A&M's imports for the NCAA soccer title **by CLIVE GAMMON**

After days of the kind of bone-chilling fog Northern California gets so abundantly at this time of year, on Sunday the sun emerged over Stanford Stadium, lighting up one of the most engrossing NCAA soccer title games in years. This was a matchup pitting a team consisting mainly of Nigerians enrolled at Alabama A&M against the University of Connecticut Huskies, a bunch as American as a Big Mac, which prevailed in overtime 2-1.

The final four at Palo Alto may not have been the Notre Dames of collegiate sport—besides A&M and UConn there were Eastern Illinois and Philadelphia Textile—but the weekend brought down some thunder nonetheless. A&M Coach Tim Hankanson watched, horrified, as his Bulldogs, who had taken a one-goal lead over Textile with less than a minute to play in one of Saturday's semis, gave the goal back in less than 30 seconds. There followed three scoreless periods of over-

time and then a penalty-kick shoot-out, which A&M won, making the final score 3-2. When he was able to speak calmly, Hankanson announced, "As of now, I'm leaving Alabama. The job market starts on Monday."

So why is a man who takes his school to the NCAA finals job-hunting? Hankanson is 26, white, Manhattan-raised and privately educated, while the school he serves is predominantly black—as is his team. His difficulties began when the Bulldogs got off to a slow start—2-2-1—including A&M's first-ever home defeat. Says Hankanson: "A lot of people were saying, 'This is the worst team we have ever had; this is the ruination of the program.' It was my fault, it seemed. I didn't know how to recruit; I didn't know how to coach." Hankanson did, however, have an idea about what to do: Apply white

Billy Morrone took the semi against Eastern Illinois in stride, scored once in the final.



handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs had occurred to Hankinson on a recruiting trip to Nigeria in the spring, when he saw African players wearing colored scarves as good-luck symbols—jujus. "In the U.S. we might call it witchcraft," Hankinson says. In any case, once he had each of his players display a white handkerchief somewhere on his person, the Bulldogs started to win games again. "The handkerchiefs meant our love for each other," Hankinson says. "After we started to wear them, we scored 26 goals to one and went 12 games without losing."

The single goal the Bulldogs conceded in that spell was in a 1-1 tie with Connecticut, and it is revealing of the Huskies' ebullient coach, Joe Morrone, that he had scouted Hankinson's team in painstaking detail when it played the University of Vermont the previous day. "So," said Hankinson, "Morrone had spotted our white handkerchiefs, our juju magic. And when we pulled out ours, UConn pulled out white handkerchiefs of their own. And, strangely enough, it was a 1-1 tie! Magic against magic."

UConn—AMERICA'S TEAM, some Husky fans had painted on a sheet at Stanford Stadium on Sunday, and the apparent chauvinism was, well, fair enough. There were 10 native U.S. starters on Morrone's team, plus a single Canadian, Graziano Cornolo from Montreal, who, Morrone emphatically pointed out, was referred to him, not recruited. And four of his players came to UConn straight from Joe's own backyard—E.O. Smith High School, which is right next door to the university.

Morrone has got more going for him than hanky-panky. "Connecticut soccer lives on defense," he said, after the Huskies defeated Eastern Illinois 2-1 in the other semifinal. "High-pressure defense. Most of our players don't have the skills of some of the A&M men. We don't have the speed. We make up for that by total commitment."

Morrone is quite modest about his own achievements also, though he has coached for 24 years, and his son, Joe Jr., was the No. 1 pick in the NASL draft last year and then Rookie of the Year with the Tulsa Roughnecks. His other son, Billy, a junior, is a starting midfielder on his Husky team.

On Sunday, the loud checked sports

jacket Morrone often affects on the sideline was absent; instead he wore a blue blazer and a subdued blue shirt and tie. He even toned down the MacArthurism he had delivered in October at Stanford when his team had lost 3-0 to the Cardinals ("We shall be back"). "I said that in a hopeful, not an overconfident way," he said.

In the first half hour of the title game both sides failed to make good on scoring opportunities. Early on, the Huskies' Pedro DeBrito was clear in front of the net but shot badly wide, while the A&M backs showed the same dangerously casual attitude toward defense they had displayed against Textile.

When the deadlock was broken, the reason was that for once Morrone's system of total defense came totally apart. "We overcommitted ourselves," he said later, and he was right about that, because what A&M Forward Solomon Shiferaw suddenly saw in front of him was a lot of daylight. Streaking ahead, Shiferaw scored after a magnificent 60-yard run, coolly putting a ground shot into the net to the right of Keeper Jim Renehan.

In the first minute of the second half, Connecticut retaliated and who should score but Morrone's boy Billy, who picked up a cross from the right from Graziano Cornolo and put the ball home from eight yards.

Now the game was open again, and the initiative had passed to the Huskies. Unlimited substitution is allowed by the NCAA, and Morrone is a master at it. While A&M substituted not a single player, a stream of Huskies went on and off the field. Said Morrone: "We had to play as a unit, build up and substitute. There was no possible way we could have matched them man for man for 90 minutes."

And the weakness of the Bulldogs manifested itself plainly as the game went on. There were 10 strikers, yes, but no one who could finish off attacking movements. Small, fascinating was between pairs of players developed, notably one between A&M Striker Nathaniel Ogedge and Husky Defender Ed Lynch, who played more than 50 minutes. But there was no breakthrough from either side and eventually came overtime, which A&M had experienced in all four previous playoff games.

Less than five minutes into the first



Morrone's hug embraced son Billy (right).

sudden-death period, a very large man in a blue blazer was racing across the field, and the Huskies were the 1981 NCAA soccer champions. "I thought, 'God, shall I go out or not?'" Morrone said later. His players were jubilantly piling on each other on the turf near the A&M goalmouth. Morrone did go, of course, and even then he was busy thinking things through. "I went in at an angle," he said. "I tried to glide in so as not to hurt anyone."

The thought of the bulky Morrone gliding is somewhat hilarious, but there was only triumph in the air. What had happened was that the Huskies' Pedro DeBrito had gotten the ball on the right, chipped it to the left of the box to Jim Lyman, who crossed to Jim D'Orsaneo, who headed the ball home.

"I knew Jim would go up for the ball," Morrone said. "I knew their back four were tired, and I thought I saw their goalies hesitate. But for a second I couldn't tell if the ball was going into the corner or not. Then I was running. Heck, I never ran as fast in my life."

And it wouldn't have been Morrone had he not been sentimental for a moment. "It's snowing in New England now," he said, "but there'll be a lot of warm hearts for us there."

But discipline wasn't forgotten in the excitement. "We're catching an over-night plane," he said. "We have to be in classes by 11 a.m."

And there was a moment for pride, too. "We assembled a group of players from the Northeast," he said, "and we won. This will give hope to American players all over the country. We can compete!"

Even against white handkerchiefs. **END**



The 7-foot Grandholm, formerly a Gator, helped USF win the Florida Four tournament.

Four On The Floor In Florida

New arenas, coaches and talent are putting college hoops in high gear

by JACK McCALLUM

College basketball in the Sunshine State has been played mostly in the shadows. Except for a blaze of glory in the early '70s, when Jacksonville and Florida State flared into national prominence by each finishing second in the NCAA's, the state has had no Final Four teams and precious few All-Americans.

Since 1970, when Jacksonville, starring Artis Gilmore and Rex Morgan, lost to UCLA in the national finals, the Dolphins haven't made it past the first round of the NCAA's. Although an NCAA finalist in 1972, Florida State is known mostly for Dave Cowens and playing second fiddle to Louisville in the Metro Conference. The University of Florida hasn't run anywhere since Neal Walked and has never won the SEC. As for the University of South Florida, no one outside the state has been able to figure out if the school is actually Florida Southern, Southern Florida or, because of its initials, the University of San Francisco. A burgeoning national power in basketball, they say in Florida. But have they been out in the sun too long?

Maybe not, if last week's inaugural Florida Four tournament at the USF Sun Dome in Tampa was any indication. It brought together four Florida teams with respected coaches, refurbished images and renewed interest in making basketball something more than a minor diversion in a football-crazy state. Since 1972 only Florida State has cracked the Top 20, but the Seminoles didn't stay there long. This year the state may well produce a legitimate Top 20 team.

The leading candidate is South Florida, which won the Florida Four by de-

feating Florida 58-56 and Florida State 82-67. Indeed, nowhere is the boom in Florida basketball more evident than at USF, where Coach Lee Rose arrived from Purdue last year—and went 18-11 with almost the same team that was 6-21 the previous season. That performance earned the Bulls their first postseason bid, to the NIT, where they lost 65-55 to Connecticut in the first round.

This year USF has been picked to finish second behind Alabama-Birmingham in the Sun Belt Conference. The Bulls have a front line that goes 7'0" (Jim Grandholm), 6'11" (Willie Redden) and 6'9" (Vince Reynolds). They have a bona fide All-America candidate in Guard Tony Grier. They have an enthusiastic Sun Dome cheering section called The Rose Garden. And they have their first certified loony, a band member named Kevin Cramer, who drops his French horn and performs an awkward semi-striptease during time-outs. "Nothing like that ever happened around here before," says Redden. Most of all, though, USF has Rose, whose delirication in Tampa is imminent. Rose may not quite be in the Dean Smith-Bobby Knight-Ray Meyer pantheon of active coaches, but his instant success at South Florida has him knocking at the door.

Still, the Florida Four Tournament was not just USF's show. It served as a coming-out party for all four schools, the kind of provincial showcase that fans in North Carolina know as the Big Four. And Lord knows no one needed such a showcase more than the state of Florida.

The difficulties these schools have faced in upgrading their programs in some ways parallel those once encountered by the University of Miami, which doesn't even play basketball anymore. Like Jacksonville and, to a lesser degree, Florida and Florida State, Miami had a basketball tradition; after all, Rick Barry starred there, and the Hurricanes played in three NITs in the early '60s. But Miami never had a campus facility for basketball—Barry played his home games at the Miami Beach Convention Center and at Miami-Dade Junior College—and the Hurricanes finally dropped the sport in 1971. The idea of resurrecting it does surface now and then, but by and large college basketball has gone unmoored in Miami.

Until last season Florida, which beat Jacksonville 84-73 to finish third in the

Florida Four, played its home games in a 5,500-seat campus sardine can known as Alligator Alley. Until this year, Florida State was burdened with Tully Gymnasium, dubbed Tiny Tully for its capacity of fewer than 3,000. South Florida had it worst of all. In 1979-80 it played its "home" games at four different sites—The Bayfront Center in St. Petersburg (40 miles from its campus), the Civic Center in Lakeland (25 miles), Curtis Hixon Hall in downtown Tampa (15 miles) and the Tampa State Fairgrounds (seven miles). "It got to be one of those things like 'If today is Tuesday, then this must be Curtis Hixon,'" says USF Sports Information Director Dave Jovanovic.

The college's shoddy gym situation was disastrous for recruiting. Every year Sunshine State coaches looked on in anguish as the considerable homegrown talent shipped out, citrus fruit-like, by the crateload. "I don't know how many kids we lost because of Tully," says Florida State Coach Joe Williams. "Heck, a lot of these kids played in high school gyms that were better." Williams' predecessor, Hugh Durham, left Florida State in 1979 for Georgia partly because of perennial hassles about the gym.

Now, however, Florida, Florida State and USF are all playing in spiffy arenas that opened within the last two years. (Jacksonville, which has no plans for a campus facility, is quite content with the refurbished 9,500-seat Veterans Memorial Coliseum, four miles from its campus.) South Florida's home attendance jumped 256% when it moved into the Sun Dome last year, and certainly the new arenas are a big reason that 19 of the 27 freshmen and sophomores on the combined rosters of Florida, Florida State and USF are native sons. They include freshmen Eugene McDowell of Florida and Charles Bradley of USF, two of the most intensely recruited schoolboy players in the state last year.

"Florida was always near the top of my list," says McDowell, a powerful 6'8" center who had more than 200 scholarship offers. "but the fact that the arena was opening mattered a great deal in my decision."

But new buildings aren't the biggest constant

David Speights sprang for 16 points and nine rebounds in the title game against USF.





Grier only mases The Honeymooners.



factor in the state's basketball buildup. Coaches are. There is no buzzword in college sports with quite the same impact as "Final Four." Final Four coaches "have been there." Final Four coaches can "turn programs around." And now three of them are playing their trade in Florida.

Florida State's Williams finished second with Jacksonville in 1970. Norm Sloan, who took over at Florida last season, won the national title with North Carolina State in 1974. Rose came in fourth with UNC-Charlotte in 1977 and third with Purdue in 1980. And Jacksonville's first-year coach, Bob Wenzel, was an assistant to Duke's Bill Foster when the Blue Devils lost to Kentucky in the 1978 final.

Of the Florida Four coaches, Wenzel, 31, has the toughest row to hoe. Last season the Dolphins were 8-19, and he has only one of his own recruits, freshman Point Guard Andrew Hinton, on this year's team. The Dolphins simply haven't been getting the blue-chippers that Williams and his successor, Tom Wasdin, attracted from 1968 to 1973, when Jacksonville went 107-27. And now Wenzel must compete for talent not only with his estimable peers in Florida but also, in the Sun Belt Conference, with UAB.

Heck, Jacksonville couldn't even lure a Gilmore to the campus. Williams took advantage of his long friendship with Artis to sign Oren Gilmore, Artis' talented 6'9" brother, last year. Gilmore had a total of 23 points and eight rebounds in his two tournament games. Frank Gilmore, another of the six Gilmore brothers, is a part-time assistant for Williams.

But Wenzel has solid recruiting credentials. While at Duke, he was primarily responsible for landing Jim Spanarkel, Gene Banks and Mike Gmurski. Wenzel has committed the Dolphins to a running style of play, he wants them to fast-break at least 35 times a game. He also has imposed some stringent regulations. "At first I think the team kind of resisted his rules."

The Artistry of another Gilmore (Oren) is one of FSU's strengths.

says senior Forward Terry Brush, "but now that we've seen how they've helped us, I think we're behind him." Wenzel requires coats and ties on the road, team-breakfast attendance and a 6 a.m. study session in the office of Assistant Coach Marty Gross for every missed class, practice or breakfast.

The task Williams undertook at Florida State was different from those of the other three coaches. He wasn't called in to rescue a sinking program when he replaced Durham, whose 12-year winning percentage of .708 is the best in the school's history. Florida State wanted Williams to keep things rolling. Maybe he could even lure another Cowens or two to the campus and give Louisville some competition in the Metro.

"What I'd like to shoot for, rather than overtaking Louisville, which just isn't going to happen because they'll always have a great team, is just to move up alongside them," says Williams. "Try to make it a one-two conference rather than just a one." Williams has come in second to Louisville two of the three years he has been at Florida State, but the other Metro teams haven't exactly been standing still. Cincinnati, Virginia Tech and Memphis State have all been picked to finish ahead of the Seminoles in the conference this year.

Though his young squad lost its composure in the tournament final against USF, Florida State could spring a surprise by season's end. Next week Clemson transfer Mitchell Wiggins, a 6'4" forward who can board, becomes eligible, and Williams has already named him to the all-time team of players he has coached, with Gilmore and Morgan of Jacksonville and Jonathan Moore and Clyde Mayes of Furman.

Williams left both schools when things were going well. He departed Jacksonville for Furman following the glorious 1969-70 season in which the Dolphins made the national finals. His move had something to do with finances; he was getting less than \$10,000 a year for X-ing and O-ing against people like John Wooden. He left Furman for Florida State after leading the Paladins to five Southern Conference titles and a 142-87 record in eight seasons. That move had something to do with Williams' love of sailing and deep-sea fishing, the latter a subject on which he waxes almost rhapsodically.

continued



My sock runneth over.

No one colors Christmas



Like Kodak. In an instant.

Of all the seasons in the year, there's none with the wondrous color of Christmas. And of all the gifts in the world, there's none that lets you capture these colorful moments and share them like a Kodak Colorburst instant camera.

There's no present like a Kodak instant.

You can choose a Kodak Colorburst Instant camera with a built-in electronic flash, for catching instant pictures in any light. You can



Actual size

choose one with a built-in closeup lens, for catching magic instants on little faces. And, of course, they all use Kodak instant color film to let you catch instant pictures that are sharp, rich, and vivid.

Kodak Colorburst instant cameras.

This Christmas, give a Kodak Colorburst instant camera. It's the gift that gives, the gift that shares. And isn't that what Christmas is all about?



The gift of instant joy.



Did you say $\frac{1}{3}$ less tar?

Pall Mall Light 100's.
A third less tar than
the leading filter king,
and still
great taste.

Pall Mall
Light 100's 10 mg. tar, 0.8 mg. nic.

Leading filter king 16 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nic.

Lowest brand
less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

sodic. Anyway, the easygoing Williams, surely one of the few coaches in the country to leave the practice court holding hands with his wife, seems a natural for basketball among the palm trees.

Sloan has similar warm feelings about the state. He has become so associated with basketball in the ACC that his stop-over at Florida from 1960 to 1966 is frequently forgotten. He headed for North Carolina State, David Thompson and Final Fourdom after that, but he never got Florida out of his mind. "I enjoyed it tremendously when I was here before," says Sloan, "and I always felt that if Florida had the proper facility, I would consider coming back." Well, the folks at Florida hurried the construction of its futuristic Stephen C. O'Connell Center while drawing up a list of coaching talent that might lead its basketball team to glory. The list had only one name, and Sloan said yes.

Sloan may have liked the Florida living and the new facility, but he didn't like what the Gator program had become after 8-19 and 7-21 seasons under John Lotz in 1978-79 and 1979-80. Only three of Lotz's players were around last season, and Florida now has one of the youngest teams in the country—four sophomores, eight freshmen—mainly because Sloan wanted to play with his people.

"There's a combination of reasons nobody [from Lotz's teams] is here," says Sloan. "Some lost interest in playing, and I lost interest in some; I wanted players who wanted to be at the University of Florida. I have them now." Among those who left were Reggie Hannah, a big-time center who transferred to South Alabama, and Grandholm, who transferred to South Florida.

Grandholm says Sloan didn't pressure him to leave, though the coach didn't encourage him to stay, either. Grandholm left, he says, primarily because he wanted some "juice" he just wasn't getting in Gainesville. "I'm from Indiana," he says, which is enough when the subject is high school basketball. "I played before 8,500 in the gym at Elkhart Central High all the time. I played in front of more than 15,000 in the state Final Four at Market Square Arena in Indianapolis. Plus, I'd come to Florida to play for John Lotz. When he was fired and Coach Sloan came in, it just didn't seem like the right place for me anymore."



Florida's Final Foursome: Sloan has cleared house, Wenzel has the Dolphins running . . .

But USF is the right place for Grandholm, as it is for Grier, who had 42 points, 10 assists and 14 rebounds in the Florida Four tournament. "We really didn't know what a big-time program was before Coach Rose came," says Grier, USF's alltime leading scorer. "I thought everything was great here even though we were losing. I thought that was the way programs were run, and so be it. I found out differently. The main thing we lacked that Coach Rose gave us was mental toughness."

Still, things aren't perfect in Grier's world these days. A native of Port Chester, N.Y., he has had to do without his favorite TV show, *The Honeyzooovers*, in Tampa. "Man, I miss ol' Ralph and Norton every night," he says.

Rose's inspiration comes not from

television but from sources as diverse as the Bible and the novels of Robert Ludlum. In analyzing USF's rising stature, he calls on another favorite, the Peanuts cartoon strip in which Lucy advises Charlie Brown at her 5¢ psychiatry stand. "Lucy tells Charlie that life is like a big cruise ship," says Rose, "and some people have their chairs at the front of the boat looking forward, and some have their chairs at the back of the boat looking backward. Then she says, 'Which way are you looking, Charlie Brown?' And he says, 'Heck, I can't even get my chair unfolded.' Well, I like to think that right now we've just got the chair unfolded and we're ready to move it."

And, when he says that, he could be speaking for the three other Florida schools as well.

END

... Williams went to pull even with Louisville and the tournament came up roses for Rose.





Cris Collinsworth is meeting the press. Cris loves to meet the press. "I enjoy the attention," he says. And the attentive press loves Cris. He is a breath of fresh air, coursing through the secondaries of the National Football League, catching passes and dropping lines, and as the surprising No. 1 wide receiver of the surprising No. 1 Cincinnati Bengals, his rookie season has been a celebration. It is Nov. 1 and the Bengals have just beaten the Houston Oilers to take a one-game lead over Pittsburgh in the AFC Central. (They still lead the division despite last week's 21-3 loss to San Francisco.) Collinsworth has contributed five catches, one for a touchdown, and has delivered a number of tenacious (if not picture-perfect) blocks. The press crowds four-deep around his locker at Riverfront Stadium, competing for position like hungry sparrows under a mother's hovering beak.

At a lanky 6' 4" and 190 pounds, Collinsworth, 22, does, indeed, seem to hover—casually, amiably—over the surging sparrows of the press. The sparrows flock to him whether he catches a lot of passes or not because he makes their lives easier, not to say more enjoyable.

Ask of Cris a sentence, say the Riverfront regulars, and ye shall receive a paragraph.

Ask Cris a dumb cliché question, they say, and ye shall receive a bright, sensible and expensive answer.

And because there is no telling what might pop out when a thought leaps from his fertile mind to his facile tongue, it is best, they say, to drop by early. If you don't, you're likely to miss the meal.

Collinsworth (for example), on the heavy pressures of being a high-profile football mercenary: "I feel like I'm stealing from the Bengals. I've played football all my life for nothing and now they're paying me to do it. The money they pay me to play this game, it's just incredible."

Collinsworth, on the Bengals' emergence as a force in the NFL. "The writers keep asking us, 'Are you thinking about the playoffs?' They expect us to say things like, 'This is a tough league' and 'It's a long season,' but when they ask me I tell 'em, 'Go ahead and make reservations for Detroit. We'll be there in Janu-

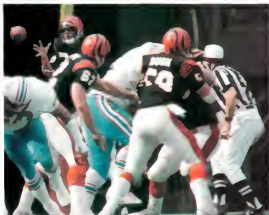
ary.' The fans are loving it. It's been about six years since we started like this, and everybody wants to go to the Super Bowl. I'm worried about finding enough tickets. I've got relatives in this area. I discover a new one every day."

Collinsworth on being a Collinsworth, born the first son of a high school administrator in Dayton, raised in Mims, Fla. (pop. 8,309). "My parents named me C-r-i-s because they didn't want to spell it like everybody else, with an 'h.' Actually, Cris is my middle name, Anthony Cris Collinsworth. They were going to call me Cris Anthony, but it sounded too much like chrysanthemum."

Collinsworth on his father, Abe, now assistant school superintendent in Brevard County, Fla.: "His full name is Abraham Lincoln Collinsworth. He was a great basketball player in high school, and people say when he went on to play at Kentucky in the '50s, the fans used to come out just to watch him dunk the ball in warmups. He still likes to put on a show. He's got a big ol' potbelly and he

Give a listen to Cincinnati's rookie sensation, Cris Collinsworth, who can drop a quote as well as he can grab a pass **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Catch A Catching Star



goes out and puts 'em in two-handed from 40 feet. He does all this fancy stuff, dribbling the ball behind his back and everything. He saw the Globetrotters as a kid and he went right home and started spinning the ball on his finger."

Collinsworth on his mother, Donetta, Abe's college sweetheart: "When I was in the third grade, I outran everybody in the class and won a medal. When I came home, I told Mom what a fast dude I was. She said, 'Don't brag.' I said, 'But it's true.' She said, 'O.K., come with me,' and she took me outside the house and had

continued

Anderson-to-Collinsworth has helped the Bengals see light at the end of the tunnel.

Dad pace off a 50-yard strip. Fifty yards is about as long as Mims itself, and she was gonna race me. I was laughing. 'C'mon, Mom, get serious.' She beat me three straight. I swear. You don't mess around with Mom."

Collinsworth on being a modern athletic rarity, a four-sport (football, basketball, baseball, track) star at Astronaut High in Titusville, the metropolis of 31,494 people adjacent to Mims: "It's not just the games themselves that attract me,

it's the people. Being involved in pressure situations with somebody else. That's the reason I love sports so much. I love to watch boxing for that reason. I love to watch the girl gymnasts on that four-inch beam. Competing under pressure. The Carter-Reagan debates had me on the edge of my chair."

Collinsworth on being recruited as a quarterback by Alabama (among many others) before winding up at the University of Florida, where he was both a football and an academic All-America in 1980: "I went into Coach Bryant's office. His desk sits way up high, and the couch you sit on is way down low, and it's like facing the Supreme Court. He talks so deep you can't always understand him. So every time he said something I said, 'Yesir.' It must have been right because he offered me a scholarship. Joe Namath called the house. My mom answered the phone. She thinks Namath is the coolest thing around, and she talked to him about 30 minutes. She advised him to get married and settle down. Finally, he said, 'Can I speak with Cris now, Mrs. Collinsworth?' She said, 'Oh, I'm sorry, Joe. He's sleeping.' I never did get to talk to Namath."

Collinsworth on the only major disappointments of his young life: "My freshman year at Florida I threw a 99-yard touchdown pass against Rice, the longest pass in Florida history. I had my future planned. I'd be an All-America my junior year, and win the Heisman my senior

year. I could win at least one by myself. It taught me something. About that time I became a Christian. I'm not going to be a minister or anything, but it straightened out my thinking, realizing there's more to life than winning football games."

Collinsworth on playing what is now stereotyped as a black man's position, and being compared only with white receivers (Lance Alworth et al.): "I see myself as someone who has to grit his teeth and scratch for everything he does. I can't get out there and prance around. But I don't believe you're fast or slow because you're black or white, and you don't have to pattern yourself after somebody your own color. I want to be the best, and the best I see nowadays are guys like Swann and Jefferson and Nat Moore and Wes Chandler. I want to be as good as them."

"When I won the state [Class-AAA] 100-yard dash championship in high school [in 10 flat], 16 guys were in the heats, and 15 were black. You talk about your lone honkie. Up in the stands, all the relatives were betting like mad on the finals. My brother Greg heard them asking who that white boy was. Greg said, 'Bet the white boy.' The black guy next to him said, 'You sure?' Greg said, 'Positively.' The guy got great odds. My big schnozzola won it for me, and the guy shipped Greg 20 bucks out of his winnings."

Collinsworth on becoming a Bengal after being drafted in the second round behind another wide receiver, David Verser of Kansas: "I was more scared about making the team than anything else. They picked Verser, and they already had Isaac Curtis, Pat McNally and Steve Kreider. There weren't many openings left. I think the fear of being rejected helped me a lot. I was geared up. One day in camp I must have done something good, because they put me at No. 1. I said to myself, 'Well, you gone and done it now. You'll have to kill me to get me out of here.'"

Collinsworth on being easily identifiable as no Arnold Schwarzenegger: "One of the scouting reports said I might not be physical enough to play in the NFL. I could understand that. My skinny of body won't win any prizes. When I took the [NFL] physicals, I couldn't believe some of those linemen. The receivers were ashamed to take off their shirts. But if the guy who said that would like to line up across from me, I'd be glad to show him how physical I can be."



To catch Cris, Jeannie went to Cincinnati, and his mom and dad fled to New Orleans.



You gotta have goals. The next spring Coach (Doug) Dickey went to the I formation and discovered my true ability as a passing quarterback. A disease called 'lack of spiral.' I was nothing-for-about-50 in the spring game. They switched me to wide receiver. I changed my goals.

"My junior year Coach (Charlie) Pell came in, and we didn't win a game. We were 0-10-1. Teachers told jokes about us. Students wanted to know why we had scholarships. Until then I always felt that out of 11

Collinsworth on discovering he could, after all, survive the gauntlets of the NFL: "My first catch against the Steelers was a crossing route—the kind where they see what kind of man you are. It's the kind of route all us honkies run. I just went out and put a little move on [Mel] Blount, and Kenny Anderson drifted the ball right in for about 22 yards. From then on I was O.K. I had done stepped into the lion's den and come out alive."

Collinsworth on discovering that it wouldn't always be that easy: "The [Buffalo] linebacker rammed his helmet up under my chin and split it open, four stitches worth. It was gross. Blood flying all over the place, a big chunk of chin falling onto the carpet. But my coach at Astromant, Jay Donnelly, always said never show 'em you're hurt because that gives 'em a psychological advantage. So I got up and kind of flung the ball behind me, and it hit the linebacker right in the head."

Some of these thoughts Collinsworth allows into print under his own byline in the hometown (*Today*) newspaper. He is called weekly by writer Al Vieira who "puts it together for me." Others he parcels out free of charge to anybody who happens to be near with a note pad or a tape recorder.

Now the crowd at Collinsworth's locker closes in. Pencils scribble erratically as elbows intersect. Microphones bloom under Collinsworth's nose, the dangling wires crossing like licorice whips. Cris is bare to the waist, his thumbs hooked in his jeans. Beads of shower water stand out on his narrow white chest.

In this stance his legs look even longer than they do when he runs. Split high, he seems, in motion, to be two parts instead of one, and 90% legs. They appear to precede him, his upper body teetering on the back of his hips like a piece of freight that has shifted on a dolly. As he talks, he grins and occasionally laughs.

How do you feel, Cris?

"I'm still walking," he says. "For a scrawny guy, that's an achievement."

You saw draw a crowd around here.

"I love a crowd. Hey, did you see that sign in the end zone? WE LOVE CRIS, signed Marsha and Donna. Well, I-did-da. Things are looking better all the time."

Who're Marsha and Donna?

"I have no idea."

Why'd you let [Tackle] Anthony Mu-

noz spike the ball after your touchdown?

"Anthony's my designated spiker. He's got great spiking style."

You had another touchdown called back because he was holding on the play.

"Yeah, doggone it. I gotta talk to Munoz about that. I knew something was wrong. I was down on one knee in the end zone, kind of looking back upfield through everybody's legs, and no Munoz. Uh, oh."

The quarterbacks must like you, as many passes as you catch.

"When Kenny Anderson screws the ball into your belly, you ought to be able to catch it. If he doesn't go to the Pro Bowl, it's politics."

Greg Stenrick (the Houston cornerback) kept talking to you. What was he saying?

"You got an underground newspaper? I don't see how you can print it if you don't."

You guys could make the playoffs.

"Well, shoot, I wouldn't mind that at all. I understand they give out money for those things. I could have myself a paid vacation. I hardly been out of the state of Florida all my life, except to come to Cincinnati."

The sparrows, well fed, finally disperse. Collinsworth is one of the last to leave the locker room. It is long after dark before he makes it to dinner with his "serious" girlfriend, Jeannie Hazel, up from the University of Florida for the weekend, and a former Gator teammate, Jimbo Donigan. They, in turn, are joined by a sparrow from New York to whom Cris introduces Jeannie as not only a good-looking Florida cheerleader, a Stefanie Powers look-alike, and the daughter of a Miami dentist "who beats me at golf," but also a girl warrior, well, competing for. He says he stole her from another guy at Florida.

"I did everything I could to sabotage the relationship," he says, grinning happily. Jeannie has dropped her gaze into her salad, not quite sure what turn this revelation might take. "I'd tell her, 'He's a great guy and all. I'm not trying to change your mind, but did he really say that?'"

Jeannie smiles wanly. Cris laughs.

They are occupying choice seats in the dining room of The Precinct, a police station converted into a restaurant that many of the Bengals favor. Cris frequents the place, he says, because the food is good, there's an active dance floor up-



Collinsworth and Anderson often link up.

stairs, and the owners are "terrific guys" who could "use the pub." One of the owners prepares a special hors d'oeuvre for Collinsworth's party.

A smartly dressed black man drops by. He greets Collinsworth warmly and they chat. The little finger of the man's left hand is in a splint. When he leaves, Collinsworth identifies him as Isaac Curtis, long the ace of the Bengal receivers and the man Cris himself has—for this year at least—overshadowed.

"His finger's broken. He's been playing with it that way," says Cris, awed. "He's unbelievable, that guy. He puts moves on you that leave you spinning. We had a one-on-one drill in camp, when the veterans usually don't go all out, and Isaac decided to go full speed. You've never heard so many oohs and ahs."

You learning a lot from him, are you?

"All the time. He gave me a great tip on shaking a defensive back. When the guy's stride for stride with you, he said, just turn and look him in the face and he'll back off. So I tried it, and it worked. Well, shoot. He didn't have to tell me that. But that's the kind of class guy he is. This team is loaded with class guys."

Jimbo asks if Cris is still driving the classy 1977 Mercury Bobcat he had at Florida, the one that looked like a moving accident.

"[The Bengals] kidded me about that all the time. They said, 'Hey, man, you're in the big time. You can't be seen in a heap like that.' I told 'em, 'Listen, I can't afford a new car right now because I'm still making payments on my yacht.' That

continued



Cris gets a kick out of playing for pay.

CRIS COLLINSWORTH *continued*

quieted 'em. Finally, I bought myself a Porsche 924, brand new. I don't think I got the hang of it yet, though. It might be too much car for an ol' country boy."

What's this old country stuff, asks the sparrow. The east coast of Florida isn't country.

"It's as close as I've come," he says. And Cincinnati, he says, is his idea of what a "big city" ought to be. Friendly. Fun. Safe at night. Here, he says, "I'm enjoying football more than ever. It's like a regular job now. Practice. Go home. Watch *The Waltons*. Do a little reading. Watch *Love Boat*. Play the games on Sunday. Play golf with the guys on Tuesday. In college I had two full-time jobs. School and football. I was humpin' all the time."

Nevertheless, he says, he has applied to Florida's law school and will start classes in the off-season.

"I've got the chance now to be the best football player I can be, and that's what I want. But after that, in 10 years or so, I'll want to do other things. Try courtroom cases, competing there. Like Perry Mason. Maybe get into politics. There are opportunities in life and you have to take advantage of 'em. My senior year at Florida I was invited to the Hula Bowl. Then I got an invitation to a game in Japan. I

went to Japan. How many times does anybody get the chance to go to Japan?"

There is a remarkable, even wonderful consistency to the opinions people close to Cris Collinsworth have about this remarkable young man. If being beloved is a legitimate goal in life, then Collinsworth has already got it made. By every external evaluation, he is a young man so comfortable with the world about him that he can deal with success (and infrequent failure) with stunning candor and still come away not only undiminished but also enhanced.

He delights those who know him. Friends and family praise his basic goodness and caring, coaches and peers praise his ability and equanimity and his contagious good humor. They all say the same significant thing: When he isn't around, they miss him.

On a recent Friday afternoon, two neighborhood couples joined Abe and Donetta Collinsworth at the Collinsworths' middle-class brick-faced home in Mims, packed up a motor home and drove the 14 hours to New Orleans to see Cris play against the Saints. One of the neighbors said it was nothing unusual. "He was always the kind of kid you'd go out of your way to be around." Donetta Collinsworth, onetime balloon buster of bigheaded sprint stars and now the family's tennis ace, has made several trips to Cincinnati, ostensibly to help Cris find a

car and a place to live, and "to keep his diet from getting completely out of hand." Typically, she says, whenever she sees him he is doing two things at once. "The last time he was watching a game on television, but he had the sound off and was reading a copy of Gordon Liddy's book, *Wulf*. He could talk to you about either one of them."

Abe Collinsworth says he cannot remember Cris ever getting down on himself for very long. At those times when you think he would be down he usually wound up "making you feel good." When Florida switched him to wide receiver, I called and told him he could come home if he wanted, maybe transfer. I knew it was eatin' him up, not being a quarterback anymore. He said, "Dad, I came here to play football for Florida, not to play quarterback."

Dickey was fired at Florida before Collinsworth blossomed as a receiver. The beneficiary was Pell, who calls Collinsworth's contributions in 1979 and '80 "the best leadership I've ever been associated with. You mass that when you don't have it." Cris came to Pell when the Gators were losing in '79 and volunteered "to play anything—fullback, tailback, tight end. Anything to contribute. He was our best player, the most dangerous hack we had, and we couldn't get the ball to him."

"Unfortunately, moving him wouldn't have changed our luck. But that kind of unselfishness, that concept of giving, is a rare thing in a great player. I know our younger kids learned from Cris. [Sports Information Director] Norm Carlson says they used to eavesdrop at his locker when the writers came around after a game, listening to him praise the other players, never putting himself on a pedestal." Carlson has been telling Collinsworth since his sophomore year that "he'll be governor of Florida in 20 years. He thinks I'm kidding, but I'm not."

Athletically, the edge that now makes Collinsworth a favorite for AFC Rookie of the Year is that "unique ability to give 100 percent all the time," says Pell. "There are guys who can run as fast, leap as high and catch as well. But to give 100 percent all the time, that's unique. Even in practice, if the play calls for him to go 35 yards and break at a 30-degree angle,

continued

Meislin and Collinsworth get high on winning.



AMERICA'S TRUCK. BUILT FORD TOUGH.



LION IN WINTER.

Bronco roars to the top nonstop. Its husky 4.9L (300) Six churns out more torque than any competitive Six. It also turns out excellent gas mileage ratings: 24 est. highway, 17 EPA est. mpg.*

Inside it's a real family 4-wheeler. There's room for six with front and rear bench seat options (front buckets are standard). But Bronco's trim outer size makes it easy to maneuver, fun to drive wherever you drive.

Underneath you'll find the only independent front suspension in on American-built sport utility. It's smooth and tough!

Mileage-boosting 4-speed overdrive, another Ford first, is

optional. So are automatic locking hubs. They run free on the highway, lock in automatically when you shift to 4WD.

No other 4-wheeler offers all this. So why settle for less than Bronco—it's one beautiful beast!

*4.9L Six and optional overdrive. Use for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage lower. California ratings less. V-8 required.

FORD BRONCO

FORD DIVISION





Collinsworth's will to succeed has led to a cushy life in his Cincinnati townhouse.

CRIS COLLINSWORTH continued

that's precisely what he does. All out, all the time."

For a time Cincinnati Coach Forrest Gregg was concerned Collinsworth's size would be a liability in the bump-and-run of the NFL. "I was wrong," says Gregg. "After the first preseason game, I knew he was tough enough. He gets laid out, but he bounces back up." Receiver Coach Lindy Infante, himself an ex-Florida halfback who lobbied for Collinsworth as the team's No. 1 draft choice but was outvoted, says Cris's toughness is a kind peculiar to receivers: "They have to be mentally tough to go into areas where they know they'll be taking abuse. Collinsworth has that." Says backup Quarterback Jack Thompson: "He'll sell out his body to get the ball."

General Manager Paul Brown compares Collinsworth with his alltime best with Cleveland, Dub Jones. "He's built like Jones, he's intelligent, and he's a sprinter," says Brown. McNally calls Collinsworth "a natural. He plays like he's been here five years." Says Gregg: "He's far ahead of any rookie I've ever coached. I don't think there's a limit on how good he can be."

The phone is ringing in Cris Collinsworth's three-story \$70,000 townhouse his mom helped find at Woodlyn View

on Cincinnati's east side. Cris is ignoring it. He is looting on the couch in front of the fireplace and complaining mildly that without a training table and without a mom to cook for him, he will have to make a lunch stop at McDonald's again. He says he suffers a lot these days from indigestion.

On the wall near the fireplace is a framed glass replica of the Cadillac logo, with the inscription, "The standard of the world." Cris says Jeannie gave it to him because his nickname at Florida was "Cadillac." But for the wrong reasons. "I was trying on helmets my first year there and I couldn't get one to fit. Van Jones, a lineman, said, 'You got a Cadillac head.' Not very flattering, actually."

He says his development as a receiver wasn't as painless as people think. That it wouldn't have occurred at all were it not for an assistant coach at Florida named Lee McGriff. "When I first switched over about the only thing I could catch was my breath," Collinsworth says. "I swear, it was two weeks before I could catch the routine pass. They called me 'Old Stone Hands.' Coach McGriff—I owe him so much. He worked me to death on techniques. 'Give with it,' he'd say. 'Watch it into your hands.'"

Collinsworth admits he really doesn't get just those "dollar ninety-eight routes over the middle that get your chin busted open," that he just says that "for fun" after a game to entertain the press. Gregg's

sophisticated passing attack makes the split end, flankers and slotback positions interchangeable this year, says Cris, and "everybody's seeing the ball." In 14 games so far for the Bengals he has caught 54 passes for 791 yards, which makes him not only the team's leading wide receiver but also the top rookie receiver in the NFL.

When it's time to head for practice, he gets into the light-blue Porsche 924 Mom helped pick out, and which still smells of newness, and backs jerkily out of the parking area. He engages Jimmy Buffett in the tape deck and adjusts a pair of glasses around his ears. He says the glasses keep him from being "blind." He says he found out about it when he was looking for excuses for his grades in chemistry at Florida. One eye tested at 20/200. "But as far as the chemistry was concerned, glasses were not the problem."

He says he has his route to the Bengals' practice field down to the minute, allowing just enough time for a stop to pick up a fish sandwich and a Big Mac to eat on the way. He says with the Bobcat he didn't dare cut it that thin. One breakdown cost him \$50 for being late to practice. He says it didn't wreck his budget, not the way it would have before "they started throwing all this money at me."

He says he now has an attorney friend in Florida investing for him. "I'm big in warehouses," he says, grinning.

He says he doesn't think money can change him at all, really, but it sure has been fun finding out.

How much does he make?

The Bengals' policy is not to reveal contract figures, he says. (A good guess for a second-round wide receiver would be a five-year, \$600,000 deal.)

Does big money put pressure on athletes when the public knows it, he is asked. The kind of pressure, say, that Dave Winfield now suffers?

"Yeah, I suppose," says Collinsworth. "But if I had a choice of keeping it quiet and making \$20,000, or making \$2 million and having the hassle of everybody knowing it, I'd take the hassle. Lead me to it."

He grins and goes inside the Bengals' training quarters at Spaney Field. A spray of flowers, with a card signed "from Patti K.," is waiting for him in the front office. Who is Patti K, he is asked.

"I dunno," says Cris Collinsworth. "But I love it."

*"As an entertainer,
I give the quality of Smirnoff
rave reviews.*

*As a businesswoman,
I rave about its value."*



POLLY BERGEN,
businesswoman
and entertainer.

*"Let me tell you my secrets for
giving a great Holiday party...Pretend
you're a guest — enjoy your own party.
And always serve the very best.*

*"That's why I always serve Smirnoff[®]
vodka. It adds just the right touch of
quality and elegance.*

*"It's a sensible idea too. Because for just
a little more than ordinary vodkas, I
can enjoy the fine quality of Smirnoff.*

*"So whether I'm entertaining a lot
of people or just a few, I always
have Smirnoff...and I always get
rave reviews."*

Smirnoff
LAVES YOU BREATHERS

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

Whirling In To Take A Powder

Helicopter skiers ride high without the hassle. They hop a chopper to the top of a mountain, then ski down the unmarked powder. No lift lines, no crowded slopes. But the lack of resort amenities—a nearby lodge and ski patrol—makes the right clothing essential. Skiwear must also be mountainwear: tough, lightweight and worn in layers for quick weather changes. And one needs lots of pockets for goggles, tools, even a Peeps, an electronic device for locating lost skiers. These chopper hoppers were photographed in the Sierra Nevada at Toiyabe Heli-Ski, the first helicopter resort in the U.S.

JULE CAMPBELL



V&J Fleckenstein wears a cotton shell over a down-filled suit (\$750) for deep-freeze conditions; a zip-out down lining makes Paul Derfinger's pants (\$500) a coat for mild seasons. Both by Golden-America.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MELAN



Taiyabe guide Kim Marx (left) checks the view from Crater Crest in a Gore-Tex suit from Marmot (\$340). A Sport-Obermeyer parka (\$90) with wind pants (\$34) keeps the chill off Apollonia Van Ravenstein.



CONTINUED



Drew Merkinghaus and Joe Flick (top, left) take a breather in Bodie, a ghost town near the Tollyabe resort. Drew's poplin vest and leather parka (\$385) and Joe's leather jacket with zip-off sleeves (\$275) are by Robert Comstock. A down parka (\$310) from Head Sports Wear warms Nancy Thoreson for the 'copter ride up, but she sheds it to ski down in a suit (\$210) with a pocket for a Preps. Serac's reversible vest (\$110) and wind pants (\$62) keep Nancy's powder dry, while Apollonia stays warm in a mesh-lined Serac jumpsuit (\$195). Her hat and funny pack are from Panhandle Knits by Serac. Joe (far right) jumps for joy in a suit with five pockets (\$225) by Head Sports Wear.





CONTINUED



The snow won't bother Joe (above) in his De-metre pullover (\$130), made of boiled wool to shed water, and stretch pants (\$135) by Rofle. Erik Gleese takes a gate in Rofle's flashy nylon pullover with stretch inserts (\$120) and padded, wool-nylon pants (\$180), while Paul gets set to schuss in his Sport-Obemeyer vest and wind shirt with insulated sleeves (\$98).



Drew (above) does a backscralchee in an insulated pullover with stretch inserts (\$110) and bib pants (\$120) by Breezin' Performance. It's back-to-back powder suits from Rolfe for Toriyabe Heli-Ski owner Jack Scantlin and Viki; his (\$130), hers (\$110). Apollonia's fitted parka (\$50) by Mooika Titley for Levi Strauss has an elasticized waist to keep the powder out.



CONTINUED

There is a fanaticism among powder skiers that borders on dementia. These people seriously compare the joys of such skiing to those of food, drink, music, literature, sex—even money—and insist that a day spent floating through elbow-deep snow beats them all. But the supply of powder snow is by no means infinite at U.S. ski resorts. Even the deep-snow canyons of Utah and the mighty bowls of Taos or Vail aren't regularly covered with powder. Worse, when the slopes are blessed with a three-foot overnight blanket of the stuff, the chances are that by day's end it will have been cut, pounded, schussed, slashed, crisscrossed, site-marked and hill-around pulverized by hordes of skiers.

So what's a powder fiend to do? Well, if he doesn't mind spending some money, there's the helicopter. It's all so simple. Merely ride a whirlybird to the highest, grandest, steepest places in the American mountains, get out, gasp at the exquisite isolation and heavenly silence, then slowly swing into that first transcendental turn, feel the powder's buoyancy, turn again and again and ride it down in a euphoria that is something like surfing the perfect wave. And at the bottom of the run the helicopter wants to airlift you to another magic run, again on an unmarked slope.

For years there have been commercial helicopter operations at a few major U.S. resorts equipped for day-long flights into the mountains beyond: Sun Valley, Snowbird, Mammoth Mountain. But this month, at a spot deep in California's Sierra Nevada, a first in American skiing will occur—a destination helicopter skiing resort. (A similar operation has existed in the Bugaboos of Canada since the late 1950s.)

The man behind it all is a pleasant California multimillionaire named Jack Scanlin, 51, who made his fortune by inventing the radio-beeper paging device widely used to inform doctors, lawyers and other busy folks of important phone calls. Scanlin also happens to be one of

It Makes Grown Men Yell



Skiers line up for a tasty feast flown in by helicopter.

the most deeply hooked powder skiers going. He beams and chuckles and waves his hands when he talks of his addiction: "I love powder skiing. I have loved it for 20 years. It's such fun. You literally float and there are no people around and you look back at your tracks and there is nothing but silence. We scream then and yell. Grown men. Do you believe it? It's so great. How many things in life can make you just holler for the joy of it? How many?"

To share this experience with paying guests, Scanlin has leased a cozy and comfortable layout of 10 cabins and an Alpine lodge situated in the Toyabie National Forest of the Sierra Nevada. The resort is 100 miles south of Reno, the

nearest major airport. About 50 miles away, in the whirlybird flies, lies Mammoth Mountain. But as with any new ski operation, there was a bureaucratic maze to negotiate. Scanlin's Toyabie Helicopter resort (P.O. Box 631, Bridgeport, Calif. 93517) required a permit from the U.S. Forest Service before the powder on the surrounding 1,000 square miles of the forest could be skied. That, says Scanlin, is one of the main reasons that his is the

first U.S. destination helicopter resort. "Our restrictions are a lot more stringent than in Canada," he says. "The Forest Service hasn't been real enthusiastic about new ski resorts, so the number is pretty much limited. But there's a growing demand for more places to ski—and helicopters are part of the answer."

Room, board and powder at Toyabie goes for \$295 a day per person. Most of that amount (\$200) is to cover helicopter costs—\$600 per hour to operate the Alouette III Scanlin uses—though a portion of the fee also pays for such luxuries as a gourmet hot lunch served right on the slopes. The Toyabie resort will work best with 20 to 25 guests each week, divided into skiing groups of five, each group with guide, so that the helicopter can keep up a steady series of up-and-down skier ferries, moving from slope to slope as the various groups complete their runs.

One of the keys to financial success is split-second efficiency in getting skiers in and out of helicopters. Wally Oldham, chief guide at Toyabie, says, "We now have it down to 45 seconds between set-down and takeoff. The guests jump out, squat low while the guide quickly lifts the skis out of the rack, then the pilot takes off. When you figure it's \$10 a minute to operate the helicopter, that counts up."

But is the world—even the fanatic world of powder skiers—ready for Jack Scanlin's dream child? "I don't know," he says. "If no one comes, we'll have fun with our friends. Money isn't my prime consideration in life anymore. This is a labor of love." —WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



WHEN SENDING SEASON'S GREETINGS,
FRIENDS OFTEN SAY IT WITH RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER® RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.



Buy Red in 1.75 litre size
and get Free Greeting Card Gift Box.

The bird explodes from a winter-sear cornfield, a great dark blast of wild turkey, his naked neck with its red and blue convulsions extended, snakelike. A weak spring sun picks iridescent bronze highlights from feathers which, at a distance, appear to be matte-black. But this bird—a male, a “gobbler” judging from its beard and size—is so close at hand that you can see the fine hairs growing from the horn-like snood that sprouts from its downcurved beak. Each bristly strand in the blue-black beard that springs from its chest is distinct, accenting the powerful curve of the muscles.

You can even see that he's got dirty feet—not the gaudy Schiaparelli pink of a turkey that's been wading brooks or feeding through snowdrifts, but rather the sheen of mud acquired in the wet, rich lowlands. Inch-long spurs glint wickedly above the clenched toes. So alive, so immediate is this gobbler that an observer well acquainted with the species (*Meleagris gallopavo silvestris*) could swear he sees mites crawling on its back, smells the hot dusty reek of the plumage, hears even the heart-stopping rattle of its primary feathers on cornstalks—and feels the butt of his 12-gauge slam his shoulder as he raises it to fire.

Yet this magnificent bird, except for its angry brown eyes, which are made of glass, is hewn entirely of basswood—down to the last and least of its 1,800 feathers, each so precisely carved and colored as to defy differentiation from the real thing. The turkey, a masterpiece

of the wildlife sculptor's art, took 1½ years and 5,000 man-hours from conception to completion. Until mid-January it will be on display in the Roosevelt Memorial Hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, a place of honor occupied in the past by such works as Leonardo da Vinci's notebook drawings.

The turkey is the creation of B. Porter Brown, 56, of Pawlet, Vt. and Stuart, Fla., and Brown's wife of 20 years, the former Mary Barrett Clayton, 43, a wildlife watercolorist of high reputation. Brown, a slim, jolly Virginian who loves to hunt quail but has never pursued the wily turkey, came to his art by an anomalous avenue. For 27 years before his retirement in 1972, Brown was an aeronautical engineer with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and its predecessor, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, more at home with retro-rockets and vector analysis than ornithology. During those years with NACA and NASA, Brown did flight research on such aircraft as the P-51 Mustang, F-86 Sabrejet, F-84 Thunderjet and the needle-nosed X-1 rocket plane that banged on the supersonic door. With the birth of the space age, in 1958 he became launch coordinator for the Mercury program that put John Glenn in orbit, and played key roles in the Gemini and Apollo programs, which landed Americans on the moon. Brown was Mission Director of the Skylab program when he took early retire-

ment a decade ago. “I could see the handwriting on the wall,” he draws. “It read ‘cutbacks.’ The virtually unlimited funds were drying up. And what the hell, I'd really seen the best of it.”

But Brown is cursed, or blessed, with the need to work, and at 47 was far too young for full retirement. That's where Mary took a hand. Always interested in the arts—until she tore a muscle in her left calf last summer while performing in a production of *Finian's Rainbow*, which she had choreographed for the Dorses (Vt.) Players, she was an active dancer—

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ KLUTMEIER



A Turkey That's A Hit



This magnificent gobbler bursting from the corn is any hunter's dream—and for \$100,000 one could have it as his own

by ROBERT F. JONES

Mary encouraged her husband to try his hand at bird carving. "Neither of us knew the first thing about it," she says. "Porter's first project was a least sandpiper. He found himself a chunk of hardwood—maple, I think—and began hacking at it with a knife." Neither the knife nor the wood was suitable to fine carving, and Brown quickly graduated to better tools and materials.

"We'd bought 50 acres along the Mettawee River in Pawlet," he says, "and one day I noticed some trees growing along the stream—trees with very light,

soft wood. Asking around, I found it was basswood, and that wood-carvers considered it superior even to South American balsa wood in its workability. So I had my medium. But I didn't have the right tools."

Most of the best carvers' blades used in sculpting birds in America are made by a fellow named Cheston Knotts who charges \$10 or \$15 apiece for them.

"They're fine enough tools for most carving purposes," says Brown, "but I wanted to try something radically different. I wanted to apply aeronautical engineering

techniques to my birds. So I began making my own, special-purpose knives."

Using old bits of file he scavenged from his farmer neighbors and working them down on a grindstone, then adding carefully shaped handles of maple, lilac or walnut, Brown soon had a kit of tools that fitted both his hand and his purpose. Returning to the sandpiper, he produced a decent, but nonetheless disappointing, simulacrum. "Mary took the damned thing away and set to work on it with her paints," Porter says. "When next I saw it, by God, it was a real sand- continued





Brown, retired from NASA, first fashioned the parts—one of the 1,800 feathers is below left—then made subassemblies such as the wing above, and lastly fit them together.



\$100,000 TURKEY *continued*

paper! We both knew that we were on to something."

That was five years ago. Since then they have produced "35 or 40 birds," according to Porter, ranging from tiny, life-size ruby-throated hummingbirds ("A cunning critter: His tongue is touching a larkspur blossom, as if in mid-hover, but it's the flower that actually holds him up") to a grave and stately great blue heron, also life-size and so vital that you expect to see it spear a frog from the Browns' living room floor. The output includes a bald eagle, an osprey with a trout in its hooks, a pair of common egrets in territorial battle, and the capstone thus far: the turkey erupting from the corn.

"This corner of Vermont is alive with wild turkeys," Brown says. "In fact, when turkeys were reintroduced in the state some 13 years ago, the first ones were put in right here in Pawlet. We have them all over our property and in the surrounding hills. I decided I had to try one."

Sticklers for accuracy and expertise, as befitted their NASA backgrounds (Mary

was a receptionist at Cape Canaveral when she and Porter met), they embarked on an exhaustive research program. During Vermont's spring and fall turkey-hunting seasons, Brown haunted the checking station in Pawlet, where he became friendly with Jeffrey Wallin, a wildlife biologist for the Vermont Fish and Game Department. Brown studied dead birds and photographed them from every angle. Bart Jacob, a local turkey hunter and manufacturer of calls and hunting accessories, brought a mounted gobbler to the Browns' studio—a bright, airy, converted sugarhouse overlooking the meandering Mettawee—for further study. "Both the mount and the dead birds looked, well, dead," Porter says. "We wanted to capture the sense of life, the enormous vitality of a living bird."

Wild turkeys have incredibly keen vision and hearing—according to Wallin, their ability to resolve images is 10 times more powerful than that of the average human, their hearing eight times as acute. You don't just sneak up on them, with either gun or camera. But Brown camouflaged a battered old golf cart, fitted himself out in a turkey hunter's cam-

ouflage clothing and went out to observe "I learned where they were 'using,' winter and summer," he says. "Eventually, I could drive right to them, where they were feeding or dusting or taking the sun, and, although they were nervous, they let me and Mary take pictures of them with our long lenses."

As they pursued this crash course in wildlife espionage, the Browns became increasingly confident in their understanding of turkey behavior. Finally it was time to convert research to concept and concept to carving. "The main thing I wanted to capture was the explosive power of the bird on the wing," says Brown, "and the very curve of the wing was what conveyed that sense." On the upstroke of a takeoff, the turkey's alula, which correspond to human thumbs, reach forward like leading-edge flaps. The head is held low and extended, also adding to the impression of speed and power. His primary feathers are bent downward, almost like the wings of an SST. But unlike an aircraft, a bird can turn its head in flight to detect danger ahead. "I decided to give my bird a leftward kink," Brown goes on, "to add to the impression of reality. And I decided to have him busting out of a cornfield, because the cornstalks themselves could enhance the sense of direction."

A year and a half ago Brown set blade to hawwood and the turkey began to take shape. Working from rough-cut haws, heartwood blanks eight feet long and eight inches on a side, he created the turkey's hollow body out of three pieces. The long, naked head and neck took a month alone in the carving and painting.

The wing butts were relatively easy—the tricky work would be in curving and angling the primaries and secondaries properly to fit the requisite shape of a bird in lift-off. Ditto the wide-fanned, down-sloping tail feathers.

While Porter roughed out, then fine tuned the big parts and the feathers, Mary, working just across the sugar-house-cum-studio from him, was doing the detail work. Using an electric "pen" called The Detailer, she burned in the barbs—the fine, flat vanes that spring from the quill of each feather. "I figure I made between 400,000 and 500,000 separate strokes of the pen to get all the barbs on one wing right," she says. Drudgery though it might seem, the setting was quite cozy. In the winter, with snow falling through the hemlocks and sugar maples surrounding the studio, and kingfishers dove-bombing the Mettawee, the soapstone-topped Garrison woodstove crackled warm along one wall, and music hummed from the stereo. Mary sipped tea as she worked, while Porter wasn't averse to an occasional bottle of Moosehead Lager, frosty from the fridge. Now and then, just for the hell of it, he would practice his knife-throwing technique—the floor around his workbench is scarred from direct hits. Six to eight hours a day they worked, undisturbed, because the

word was out in Pawlet that they wanted no interruption, and slowly the turkey took shape. A visitor in the early spring, seeing the bird with the head and feet virtually complete but the body and wings still raw and unpainted, suggested that the Browns leave the bird just as it was.

"It has a strong, abstractionist look to it," he said. "It leaves the rest to the imagination. It could be some monster from outer space this way."

The Browns were not amused.

While Porter shaped the wiser-thin basswood feathers with a curling iron, Mary fretted about color and iridescence. "I have nightmares about it sometimes," she says. "... somehow the bird has broken out in polka dots!"

Few birds have so baffling a color scheme as wild turkeys, and Mary faced an artistic dilemma: how to achieve colors consistent with reality despite constantly shifting angles and light. "I used a mix of acrylics and watercolors," she says. "The watercolors allow a subtle hue, a nuance of color that other paints won't permit. But watercolors bleed when they get damp. The acrylic sets the finish, keeps it from bleeding. And I used indolent acrylics—coppers,

bronzes and golds. But my secret, which I can't tell you about, is a certain way I apply the acrylics." She laughs coyly.

The bird's primary feathers, basically dark gray-brown with striations of white, were the easiest part of the plumage. The secondaries, according to Mary, "are far more complicated. There's more of a gray raw umber to them, but variegated with different shades of gray, burnt umber, raw sienna and white. Breast and back are trickier still. At first glimpse they're a dark copper-brown, but you have to break that completely down. The magic of the bird is in the back and the wing butts—golly, you have to achieve shifts of iridescence from a silvery blue through bright yellow or orange. The tail reminds me of a Rorschach test. Is it very dark black with copper striations, or vice versa? I see it as black with copper. But believe me, I worried my way through every feather."

Porter was worrying, too: The bird didn't have the dynamism he

continued

Mary finished each feather, burning in individual barbs. Then they painted them. The primaries (below) were relatively easy, but the indolent tail feathers were an ordeal.



sought. Then one day, in a flash of inspiration, he took one of the basswood "cornstalks" that was lying propped on the redwood base from which the bird rose and stood it upright but at a slight angle, just behind the bird's right wing.

Eureka!

"I can't tell you the excitement we felt at that moment," Brown says. "I could see that one small touch—the upright, angling cornstalk—gave me just what I'd envisioned. At least 90% of it, maybe 110%. It gave the entire grouping the height it had been lacking, and the broken top of the stalk points the way the bird is going—up and out. A lot of art critics might say that a work thus detailed, or this 'representational,' isn't art at all, but rather mere copying. But at bedrock all art is imitative. Music grows from the sound of wind and water, the sounds of life on this planet."

By summer's end, with the bird nearly complete, Vermonters from miles around began drifting up the Browns' long, dirt driveway, past the low-slung split-level house Porter designed eight years ago, hoping for a glimpse of the bird through a studio window. All were invited in, but not for long. "They kept wanting to touch the feathers," Mary says. "They were convinced it was just another 'stuffed bird,' and although that was a compliment to our success in one way, it was also very dangerous. Each of those feathers represents a day in the life. And they're extremely fragile."

For previous carvings the Browns had received from \$10,000 to \$40,000 from collectors. The price tag on this creation—it has not been sold as yet—is \$100,000. So hands off was the watchword.

One visitor, stunned by the work, asked how one could keep all those feathers clean and dust-free.

"We'll give the buyer a free brush," quipped Porter, "once the check has cleared."

Now Mary was not amused. "We



The Browns spent 5,000 meticulous hours on the turkey in their studio.

don't do this for the money," she insisted. "We set the price high because we value our own work, and we value the creation itself."

There's really no need to apologize. In this era of a surging "collectibles" market, particularly in wildlife art, the turkey would certainly seem to be worth its six-figure price tag.

The high point of pride for the Browns came when Walton dropped by to study the bird. He stood for a long couple of minutes, eyeballing it, then walked around it, taking in every detail, even counting the primary and the secondary feathers. Then he stepped back and made his evaluation.

"Well, you've done it, Porter," he said. "This is a Vermont turkey, a 20-pound gobbler, in April. It's about five years old. Now I'll explain how I make this deduction. I can tell the age from the length of the spurs—anything over an inch long makes it five years or better, and these are more than an inch long. I know it's a gobbler both by its sheer size [hens never get bigger than 13 pounds] and by its beard. Though hens occasionally grow beards, they're never that full. I also know it's a gobbler by the fact that the primary feathers are ragged and frayed. The male turkey drags his wings when he

struts before his harem during the mating season, and that's what this guy's been up to. The frayed primaries also tell me the time of year—late April, when the strutting has been under way for a while. And I know it's a Vermont turkey, rather than a New York or Pennsylvania bird, because the corn stubble that's left is high. Farmers in this rocky country set their blades up high when they harvest so as not to ding the blades on the stones."

"That was the high point for me," Porter Brown says happily. "I knew that the turkey worked artistically, that we'd achieved what we set out to do in that regard. But with Jeff's confirmation of our accuracy, we had also made all

that research, all those cold days at the checking station and out in the woods, pay off."

Then, with a whooping, window-rattling rebel yell, the ex-NASA engineer-turned-wildlife-artist grabbed the hunting knife from his belt and flung it.

It stuck, point-first and humming, in the floor of the sugarhouse.

Yet that triumph may soon be overshadowed. All of the Browns' carvings of birds in flight—about a dozen so far—have been connected to their bases by some cunning bit of artistic legerdemain. In the case of the turkey, the 3/4-inch stainless-steel supporting rod runs up through a chopped cornstalk that the bird's left foot appears to be brushing. The rod continues through the foot, up through the leg and into the body. Now Brown is contemplating a carving with a radically new and different support system. "I'm toying with the notion of a hovering sparrow hawk, wings back and tail fanned in that way they have, like a giant buff and slate-blue hummingbird," says Brown. "I think I know how I can do it."

It'll be tricky, Brown admits. But will it appear to fly? You'd better believe it. After all, Porter Brown did help to put men on the moon.

Kings and Box, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
"tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

99% tar free.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Ray points the way

With No. 2 son, Ray Meyer of DePaul gave his No. 1 son a valuable licking



by Alexander Wolff

The court didn't list that night, even though DePaul beat UICC 78-53. But that wasn't the most remarkable thing about the first meeting between a father and his son as coaches in a big-time basketball game. No, the wonder was that the game had come off at all. If any other 67-year-old in Ray Meyer's circumstances had agreed to schedule the upstart 35 blocks down the street, there would have been speculation whether the years had caught up with him.

The conventional wisdom is that an established national power like DePaul simply doesn't give a game and, thus, credibility to the basketball program at an upstart school against which it's beginning to recruit head-to-head. Worse from the Blue Demons' point of view, UICC had the talent to make an upset entirely possible, even without Mark Aguirre on hand to help DePaul flirt with disaster. Witness Chicago Circle's defeats of Wisconsin (74-66) and Ohio U (63-55) to win the Wisconsin Invitational later in the week. In short, the Demons had nothing to gain and everything to lose. "It's a case of Ray being as good a father as he is a coach," said Circle Assistant Coach Rick Kilby before the game.

Ray agreed in principle to play Chicago Circle when Tom approached him three years ago about a game to christen a planned 10,000-seat pavilion on the UICC campus. But a nine-week heavy-equipment operators' strike delayed construction and gave Ray a chance to beg off. Instead, he consented to move the game into the Rosemont Horizon, DePaul's 17,000-seat home court. UICC, however, remained the home team, which meant that their game wasn't among the ones for which DePaul's 13,500 season ticket-holders automatically had seats. The crowd was a disappointing 5,222. It all was a bit like young Ron Reagan inviting his dad to the White House for a state dinner.

Tom began preparing for the game over the summer at Ray Meyer's Basketball Camp in Three Lakes, Wis., where Ray, his wife, Marge, and their six kids and 17 grandchildren stay in the family

lodge. "At seven every night they showed a DePaul game film, and I was there," Tom says. "I don't feel it was cheating. Then I took old DePaul films to the basement and watched them by myself."

"We wondered where he was," says Marge. "Then his sister, Barbara, said, 'What do you think he's doing? He's scouting.' Coach knew."

In the end, UICC may have been too well prepared. Nervousness appeared to be the main reason it fell behind 31-12 after 13:42, and then, despite outplaying DePaul during the middle third of the game, fatigue ultimately eliminated any chance it had of catching up. UICC made a run in the second half behind freshman Point Guard Craig (Cubby) Lathen, pulling to within 10 with 9:45 to go. But DePaul's Bernard Randolph interred a couple of jumpers and, with them, UICC.

"After the initial kick of facing a legend and being Division I, it was just like coaching against any other guy down the sideline," said Tom afterward. Indeed, during the game, Tom and Ray never betrayed their relationship with their behavior or their styles of play. DePaul started in a man-to-man, and UICC opened in a zone. Ray's assistants leaped off the bench as unwelcome whistles, while Tom's, following strict orders, stayed put. Tom looked toward Ray just once, in the second half, when Lathen drove the lane and the DePaul bench jumped up, imploring the officials for a traveling call.

"Walking?" yelled Tom. "What do you mean 'walking'?" He got killed. Clearly, this was business as usual.

"I'm very happy the game is over," said Ray when it was. "I was kind of hoping, at the end, that the score would get a little closer." Quite an admission from a man who says he walks the streets, unable to sleep, after losses. Tom himself barely slept the night after the game, but the 25-point final margin notwithstanding, he knew his father had done him and his fledgling program a big favor. Illinois at Chicago Circle, which is named after the confluence of expressways around its concrete campus, at least had found someone to give a lift onto the off-ramp from obscurity.

The UICC basketball team has all the

At a luncheon in Chicago on Dec. 1, Tom Meyer took his adolescence up to the podium with him. He looked every inch the kid who had just gotten the keys to the family car for a big date. But as he'd tell a funny story, laugh lines would appear that gave his face an avuncular cast, and for a moment he'd resemble his father, Ray Meyer, the coach of ninth-ranked DePaul, who would be Tom's rival that evening.

"The last nationally ranked team we played was Wyoming, last year," said Tom, the 38-year-old coach at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle, a school with an enrollment of 20,000 that is new to Division I competition this season. "We went out to one free-throw line for warmups and they went out to the other. And the arena tilted."



Welcome, Tom, to Division I competition.

Division I trappings—the scholarships, the schedule and, soon, the arena—everything, that is, except a nickname. The 16-year-old school once called its teams the Chikas, after an Indian tribe thought to have inhabited the shores of Lake Michigan. When it turned out that the tribe may never have existed and that Chikas was pronounced just like *chicas*, Spanish slang for young women, the school, which has a goodly number of Hispanic students, dropped the name. So now its teams are simply known as the Chicago Circle.

"What's our mascot going to do," asks 7'2" Center Dave Williams. "Go out on the court and run around in circles?" The administration is searching for a name and presumably isn't interested in the irreverent (the Chicago Seven), cutesy (the Chi-lini) or witty (the Vicious Circle, which the pep club calls itself). It prefers, instead, something "marketable."

Locally, at least, UICC is beginning to make a name for itself with a nickname. The credit goes to Tom's top recruiter, Willie Little. He joined the Circle staff in 1980 from nearby Manley High, where he had won a state title that year, and Chicago's fertile high school gyms are his bailiwick. Among his products at Manley was 6'10" Purdue sophomore Russell Cross, who almost decided to enroll at UICC at the last minute. Two weeks ago, Little and Meyer got an oral commitment from 6'9" Andre Moore of Carver High the day after he'd visited Ray Meyer and his 32-year-old recruiter son, Joey, Ray's heir designate at DePaul.

The three Meyer boys—the youngest is Bob, a/k/a Binky, who was one of the TV announcers for the DePaul-UICC game—grew up with a man who admits he was more a coach than a father. Like everyone else in the family, they called him Coach.

Joey was always the talented one, shy and untrovered but a local high school star. No one is surprised that he is eighth on the DePaul alltime scoring list. Tom, on the other hand, had his high school career retarded by rheumatic fever, but he worked diligently with weights and eventually found a role as a shooter on his father's teams in the mid-'60s. He began coaching while in college—at St. Benedict's High during his senior year—and had winning records at two other Chicago-area high schools before accepting the UICC job in 1977. Tom goes through every conditioning program he prepares for his players; two of them suffered heat exhaustion doing a preseason running drill he'd tested himself. It's not uncommon for Tom's wife, Mary, to retrieve him from some byway where he has cramped up while running.

"Coach is portrayed as a mild-mannered person," says Tom. "But if you were sick, you had to hide. He understood pneumonia, but there was no such thing as a cold. Coach himself never admits to pain, never admits to feelings. We were religious because Coach was religious, and the things we did we were expected to do. If you had problems—with a girl friend, say, or with finding the money for a car—Mom took care of that. I saw that movie *The Great Santini* and had to laugh. Coach ran things like that."

On the evening Coach had been more than just a coach, Tom knew exactly what he wanted to tell him. He met Ray more than halfway up the sideline after the final buzzer had sounded and said, "Thanks for playing me, Dad."

the Rebels won their first two games this season, and last week at BYU he sank two foul shots with 34 seconds remaining to clinch a 66-63 win. The speedy Rebels harassed the taller Cougars with a pressing defense—first a zone and then a switching man-to-man—and Darby directed a nifty de lay game for 30 minutes. Mainly he directed the ball to forwards Michael Burns and Sidney Green, who scored 18 points apiece.

A day earlier, Oregon State also put the clamps on BYU's front line. The Beavers forced 19 turnovers and outrebounded the Cougars 30-29 en route to a 56-44 victory. Together, Bingham Young's big three—Fred Roberts, Steve Trumbo and Greg Kite—had been scoring 45.3 points a game, but they were held to 16 by a tenacious Beaver defense and to 24 by the Rebels. UNLV's defense was superb at Arizona, too, limiting the Wildcats to a McKale Center-record low of 16 points in the second half of a 69-49 victory.

California's spread offense puzzled San Francisco, but what amounted to a four-point play by Wallace Bryant put the Dons ahead to stay in a 72-64 win. Bryant sank a free throw to make the score 56-56, missed his next try, got the rebound, hooked the ball in while being fouled and then added another free throw. Quentin Darby had 22 points, 11 of them in a row, as the Dons defeated San Francisco State 94-67.

EAST In the first two nights of college hoops at New Jersey's new Byrne Meadowlands Arena, a pair of games were as closely contested as the state's recent gubernatorial election that was won by only 1,677 votes out of 2.3 million cast. UCLA players, who learned the day before their game against Rutgers that the NCAA likely will place them on two-year probation and bar them from this season's NCAA tournament for still-unconfirmed violations, blew a 33-21 halftime lead and lost 57-54. A rule that former Bruin Coach John Wooden had fought for and that was installed this year—the elimination of jump balls (except to start a game) in favor of awarding possession of tied-up balls to the two teams on an alternating basis—helped do it in UCLA. The Scarlet Knights led 55-54 with 15 seconds left when they were awarded the ball under just such circumstances. Brian Ellerbe took the inbound pass and dribbled the length of the court for a layup that settled matters. (The application of the same rule was one of the reasons for the Bruins' defeat by BYU the previous week.) The next night at the Meadowlands, Seton Hall, paced by Don Calandrillo's 34 points, joined Houston 87-85 in overtime.

Villanova was one favorite that won at the Meadowlands. Led by Stewart Granger, who had 19 points and a Big East-record 14 assists, the Wildcats defeated Boston College 97-75. Earlier, Granger had 18 points and 10 assists in a 97-63 rout of St. Francis (N.Y.). Team-

continued



WEST Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkenton needed a new point guard this season. So he recruited one—his son Danny, who played last year at Dixie College, a junior college in St. George, Utah. Smart move. Danny had a total of 25 assists as

SI TOP 20

1. N. CAROLINA (3-0)	1 *
2. LOUISVILLE (2-0)	2
3. KENTUCKY (2-0)	3
4. IOWA (3-0)	4
5. WICHITA STATE (3-0)	5
6. SAN FRANCISCO (3-0)	6
7. TULSA (2-1)	7
8. VIRGINIA (5-0)	8
9. DePAUL (2-0)	11
10. MINNESOTA (3-0)	12
11. ARKANSAS (3-0)	13
12. ALABAMA-BIRM. (3-0)	14
13. KANSAS STATE (3-1)	10
14. INDIANA (2-0)	17
15. GEORGIA (2-1)	16
16. ALABAMA (3-0)	18
17. VILLANOVA (3-0)	19
18. NEV.-LAS VEGAS (4-0)	20
19. MISSOURI (3-0)	—
20. OREGON STATE (2-0)	—

* Last week

mate John Pinone scored a total of 45 points in those games.

"It was like watching master craftsmen," said Southern Cal Coach Sam Morrison after his team lost 73-62 at North Carolina. "They chopped us up inside. Then they backcoursed us. We collapsed the defense to stop all that, and they started scoring from the perimeter." When it came to rebounding, though, Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith thought his players were given a lesson by the highly physical Trojans, who led in that department 33-31. A 78-70 defeat of Tulsa also left Smith somewhat concerned. This time North Carolina made 24 turnovers and blew most of a 24-point advantage late that win Tar Heel freshman Michael Jordan scored 22 points; James Worthy added 17 and had 11 rebounds, and Jimmy Black directed a rabbit-quick fast break, made seven steals and passed for seven assists.

Virginia got along fine without Ralph Sampson, who has a broken right ring finger. A 6'7" sophomore walk-on, Kerston Edelin, replaced Sampson and scored 16 points as the Cavaliers drubbed Randolph-Macon 82-50. Three nights later, Guard Othell Wilson got 20 points as Virginia beat VMI 76-49.

MIDEAST Notre Dame fans, aware of the rumors that the NCAA's probe of UCLA was triggered by reports that a Bruins booster had allegedly helped finance cars for some players, tried to unnerve the Bruins by rattling car keys when the visitors took free throws. When a UCLA player missed, the crowd chanted, "Take away his car!" Unperturbed, the Bruins made

25 of 30 foul shots, got 24 points from Mike Sanders and won 75-49.

Indiana Coach Bobby Knight, angered by his starters' lack of intensity during the previous week's season-opening defeat of Miami of Ohio, started four freshmen against Notre Dame. They got the Hoosiers off to a 6-4 lead before Knight sent in three upperclassmen. Ted Kitchel, Randy Wittman and Steve Bouchie. Kitchel scored 22 points and Wittman 15, all in the second half, as Indiana ran away from the Irish 69-55.

Minnesota's 7'3" center, Randy Brewer, had 79 points as the Gophers defeated San Francisco State 88-69. Dayton 90-74 and Loyola of Chicago 61-60. Loyola led 50-39 with 9:12 to play, but a surprisingly effective Gopher press and John Wiley's tip-in with two seconds left did in the Ramblers.

"I told them at halftime, 'Go out and play like Iowa. Don't play like whoever you've been playing like,'" said Hawkeye Coach Lute Olson. As confusing as those words may have been, Olson got his message across, and Iowa, trailing 37-26 at Marquette, won 68-65 in overtime. Hawkeye Guard Bob Hansen scored 32 of his 38 points after the intermission, and 6'11" freshman Michael Payne had 11 of his 17 during the same span.

"We have three small guards, a forward who hasn't played much and a center who's not that strong," said Illinois Coach Lou Henson. That's why Henson uses a three-guard offense, a pressure defense and, if he has a late lead, a four-corners spread. All those components clicked as the Illini surprised Kansas State 55-49.

Against Purdue, DePaul showed it has something it lacked last season—a bench. When star Guard Skip Dillard's fourth foul put him on the bench with 8:45 remaining, only one Blue Demon regular, Forward Terry Cummings, was on the floor. Nonetheless, DePaul stretched a 52-50 lead to 62-50 in the next five minutes and held on to win 73-67. Cummings finished with 23 points and 19 rebounds. The Boilermakers got 30 points from Center Russell Cross, but they turned the ball over 20 times. Ohio State gave Kentucky fits with a three-guard offense it used because Forward Clark Kellogg was out with a fractured jaw, and trailed only 53-48 with 9:37 left. Wildcat Guard Dirk Minnifield hit seven field goals down the stretch to lift Kentucky to a 78-62 victory.

Louisville scored nine baskets in a row from underneath early in the second half to pull away from host Western Kentucky in the championship game of the Wendy's Classic. The Hilltoppers, who led 39-32 before the Cardinals surged, lost 71-66. Tulane outscored Louisville 36-28 in the opening round, but Derek Smith's 21 points salvaged a 55-54 win for the Cardinals.

For the first time in four tries, Alabama-Birmingham beat Mississippi, with Oliver Robinson scoring 24 points and Craig Lane

23, the Blazers romped to a 72-58 victory.

Georgia's showstopper, Dominique Wilkins, and his short stopper, 5'6" freshman Darryl Lenard, enabled the Bulldogs to survive. Wilkins twice scored 20 points as the Dawgs beat Florida State 70-67 and Georgia Tech 62-61. After coming off the bench in the late going at Tallahassee, Lenard converted a steal into a basket to put Georgia ahead 66-64. He then hounded the Seminoles into a critical free-throw violation.

Youngstown State's 65-57 defeat of Gannon gave Dom Rosselli, 66, his 1,000th victory as a Penguin coach. It was his 582nd basketball triumph in 40 seasons. His 418 other wins have come in baseball, a sport he has coached for 28 years.

MIDWEST It was basketball, not football, but that didn't keep San Diego State Guard Keith Smith from sacking Arkansas Guard Darrell Walker. Walker, who had made layups after twice stealing the ball from Smith in the opening minutes, was headed toward the basket again after picking off a pass when Smith brought him down. Walker was uninjured, and Aztec Coach Smokey Gaines benched Smith. San Diego State, which had averaged 100 points in its first two games, trailed 34-15 at halftime and lost 83-68.

Wichita State won its third straight McDonald's Classic by beating District of Columbia 100-76 and Cincinnati 87-67. The Shockers' Antoine Carr, who had 39 points in the tournament, gave his MVP plaque to teammate Tony Martin, who had 15 points and six assists in the title game.

Aleam State was so intent on winning at Missouri that it showed up in Columbia two days early to prepare. The Braves' efforts were of no avail as the Tigers prevailed 82-51 behind Steve Stipanovich's 16 points and 14 rebounds. Missouri then defeated East Carolina 87-55 and Wyoming 64-54 to win its Show-Me Classic. The Tigers didn't go ahead

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DAN CALLANDRILLO: Seon Hall's 6' 2" guard had 34 points, including the deciding hoop with four seconds left in OT, as the Pirates upset Houston 87-85. He scored 21 in a 71-64 defeat of Fordham.

for good in the finale until Mark Dressler hit a jumper for a 51-50 lead with 7:45 to play.

Even closer was Alabama's 95-93 victory over Texas Tech. The Crimson Tide trailed 89-87 before Ennis Whitley put on a burst, getting seven of his 21 points in the final four minutes.

Tulsa had its hands full with St. Mary's, an NAIA team from San Antonio. The Golden Hurricane had a 13-2 spurt in the last six minutes, locking up a 57-43 win.

You can always spot a Genius by its features.



Look closely at the new SL-5000. It is innovative. Yet understandable. Sophisticated. Yet uncomplicated.

Clearly, this is no ordinary video cassette recorder.

Clearly, this is a product of Genius. The Genius of Betamax.

To start with, you'll notice that the Sony Betamax SL-5000 has advanced front loading. In fact, everything is right on the front. So it's fast, easy and convenient to use, particularly in confined spaces.

And here's another stroke of Genius. The Sony Betamax gives you all the record functions on the left; all the playback functions on the right. That's one more reason the SL-5000—for all its sophistication—is remarkably simple to operate.

Now consider these advantages. The SL-5000 lets you tape one show while you're watching another. And it can be programmed in advance. Which means you're able to record even when you're not at home.

Naturally, it wouldn't be a Sony Betamax without the electronic marvel we call BetaScan. With BetaScan, you can actually see what you're looking for in fast-forward and fast-reverse, then stop when you find it.

There's more. The SL-5000 has Express Tuning to take you directly to the channel you want, skipping the channels in between. It also includes remote control, freeze frame, electronic feather-touch controls.... In fact, almost every important feature you can think of. Plus one you'd probably never dream of: a reasonable price tag.

Of course, to fully appreciate the brilliance of the SL-5000, you have to see it in person. So stop in at your Sony dealer and ask to watch a Genius at play.

To insure brilliant performance every time, always use Sony Beta cassettes.

The Genius of Betamax
SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY



Goalie Bouchard surpasses his predecessors, but Quebec still must score a bunch to win.

Speaking a new language

The word on the multilingual Nordiques is that they're now big winners

I all started back in October, when the Quebec Nordiques, who once stood by as their goaltender skated angrily off the ice and quit in the middle of a game, opened the NHL season by whipping Hartford and Boston. It continued when the Nordiques, whose first coach, Rocket Richard, walked out after two games in 1972 because he said he "didn't want to do behind the bench," beat and tied the detested Montreal Canadiens in November. It kept up when the Nordiques, whose roster includes 14 French-speaking Canadians, three English-speaking Canadians, four Czechoslovaks and a U.S. citizen, played nine games in 16 nights (Nov. 14-29) and lost only once. And last week the excitement peaked when the Nordiques, who ignore Coach Michel Bergeron's requests to address one another in English even though it is supposed to be the official team language, defeated league-leading Edmonton 9-3. Despite going on to lose 5-3 to Boston on Saturday night, at week's end

Quebec, along with the Bruins, had the third-best record in the NHL.

The Nordiques' accomplishment has come with a sort of shoot-first-ask-questions-later Wild West style. In 30 games they have scored a whopping 137 goals, but they have given up a nearly-as-whopping 127. Purists may find this an unconventional way to go about winning, but it's just fine with the Quebec management. It's no secret that Bergeron, backed by Nordique President Marcel Aubut and General Manager Maurice Filion, aims to build a team that ultimately will steal the thunder in the province of Quebec from the Canadiens, and what more rousing way to do that than to score big and win.

Certainly it's a more successful approach than any the Nordiques essayed in the past. Oh, they did win the WHA championship in 1976-77, but that didn't fool the hockey-smart Quebecois, who well understood the difference between the Avco Trophy and the Stanley Cup.

by Mike DelNagro

Two seasons ago the Nordiques joined the NHL and finished 19th in the 21-team league. Last year they ended up 11th. Trouble was, Quebec had WHA talent playing an NHL schedule. "At first we thought we were strong enough to compete," says Filion. "But 'at first' lasted about three games."

During the Nordiques' first two NHL seasons, Filion revamped his roster, now only five of the 22 players who were regulars in Quebec's last WHA season are still with the club. The two best are Marc Tardif and Real Cloutier, both of whom had twice won the WHA scoring title. Filion also has chosen well in recent drafts, landing forwards Dale Hunter and Michel Goulet, Quebec's sixth- and seventh-best scorers, respectively, through Sunday, and up-and-coming Defense-man Normand Rochefort. In February of 1980 Filion signed Left Wing Jacques Richard (no kin to Rocket), who was floundering in the minors and on his way out of hockey. Last season Richard had 52 goals and 51 assists. And in January 1981, Filion took a step toward shoring up the Nordiques' defense, which was even more miserable then than it is now, by trading for Goaltender Daniel Bouchard. After Bouchard arrived in Quebec from Calgary, the Nordiques lost only five of the 29 games in which he played last season. "We could have changed step-by-step," says Aubut, "but the people in Quebec are—how you say?—impatient."

The most significant change was bringing in the Europeans. Last season the Nordiques added Peter, now 25, and Anton, 22, Stastny, the gifted brothers who had excelled as members of the Czechoslovakian national team. Aubut was instrumental in their defection. Last summer Quebec landed two more defectors, Marian Stastny, 28, Peter and Anton's older brother, and Miroslav Frycer, 22, also from Czechoslovakia. Both are superb right wings. Frycer (sounds like FREE-chair) had 33 goals in 33 games for his Vitkovice team in the Czech League last season.

continued



Olympus OM-1. Every inch a classic. Inside and out.

You are looking at the most revolutionary SLR of all time. The camera more than a million photographers have made into a modern classic. The original SLR compact, proven and perfected like no other. Elegant. Smooth. Precise. Enduring. That's the Olympus OM-1. A classic.

A classic in control. Its ultra-precise manual meter lets you control exposures with fingertip ease, always. Its finder is free of the clutter so common in conventional cameras—and far larger and brighter as well, thanks

to its precious silver coating, multi-coated mirror, and superb Olympus optics.

A classic in ruggedness. Not for OM-1 are the plastic panels of ordinary SLR's. Here, you'll find a solid, all-metal body. Metal gears born of aerospace technology. Chromed-steel lensmount that defies wobble and wear. And more than a score of vibration-taming shock absorbers. So OM-1 works flawlessly under temperatures and conditions so extreme, others won't work.

A classic in capabilities. The world's first compact 5 shots-per-second motor drive, and the world's most ingenious automatic flash units. Dozens of matchless Olympus lenses, more than 300 matched accessories in all. All fully compatible with every OM-1 ever made. From the largest compact system anywhere.

See OM-1 at your Olympus dealer. Alone in its class, because it's a classic. For information, write Olympus, Woodbury, NY 11797. In Canada: W. Carson Co. Ltd., Toronto.

OLYMPUS® OM-1



ALL OTHERS



ATARI® SPACE INVADERS®



ALL OTHERS



ATARI MISSILE COMMAND™



ALL OTHERS



ATARI WARLORDS™



ALL OTHERS



ATARI ASTEROIDS™

ATARI®

Video Computer System™

THERE'S NO COMPARING IT WITH ANY OTHER VIDEO GAME.

Only ATARI makes the games the world wants most. Games that are innovative. Intense. Incredibly involving. And totally original.

In 1980 ATARI invaded the minds of millions with Space Invaders*. It went on to become the single most popular video game in the world and thereby launched the space age game category.

Today ATARI Missile Command™ and Asteroids™ are the fastest selling home video games in the country. And judging by its current success in the arcades, ATARI Pac Man** is slated for the same next year.



*Indicates trademark of the Taito America Corp.
**Indicates trademark of the Midway Mfg. Co.
© 1981 Atari, Inc.



Whoever wrote 'not a creature was stirring' obviously never received a gift of Seagram's 7. It makes such a great gift because it makes so many great drinks. And give yourself a little gift—moderation.

The Season stirs with

Seagram's



The influx of Europeans has only exacerbated what was already a bit of a language problem for the Nordiques, whose dressing-room door has a sign that reads DRESSING ROOM, VESTIAIRE (French) and SALNA (Slovak). Two Nordiques, Rochefort and Dave Pichette, speak French but precious little English and maybe two words of Slovak. Hunter and Dale Hoganson speak English but no French, as does Robbie Fiorek, the team captain, who is Czechoslovakian by descent but grew up in Massachusetts. Frycer is lost in both English and French. All three Slastnys get by in English, but only Anton knows enough French to wander into downtown Quebec City. "Sometimes I walk into the locker room and it sounds like the League of Nations," says Bergeron, throwing up his hands. In a serious moment he says, "I can't imagine this team without the Slastnys."

Last season Peter broke the NHL scoring record for rookies with 39 goals and 70 assists for 109 points. At week's end he was again leading Quebec in scoring, with 11 goals and 30 assists. Anton has 11 goals and 22 assists and, with Peter and Marian, is a regular on the Nordique power play that scores on 31.2% of its chances, second best in the league.

Frycer has had two hat tricks and, unlike most players who have learned hockey behind the Iron Curtain, knows how to execute a crowd. Upon scoring his first NHL goal, Mirko, as he is called, darted to center ice, knissed his stick and skated a few pirouettes while waving at the crowd. On the bench, a stunned Bergeron turned to Peter Slastny and asked, "What's with your friend?"

"I think he's happy," Peter replied.

But Quebec's most important addition this year has been Marian Slastny, who through Sunday was the team's No. 2 scorer with 18 goals and 22 assists. That's some accomplishment for a man who last year was without a hockey team. When Peter and Anton left Czechoslovakia, Marian was suspended both from his hometown club team in Bratislava and the Czech national squad. Despite having a law degree, Marian was unable to find work of any sort. The Slastnys' father lost his job and apartment.

A recipient of the Zasluzny Maysr Sportu, Czechoslovakia's highest award in sports, Marian had never seriously considered leaving his homeland and says that he was at first stunned when his brothers defected. But what happened af-

terward convinced him that he had to leave, too. "It was dark, very dark," he says. "What choice did I have?"

Marian first tried to exit through legal channels but, not surprisingly, got nowhere. The Czech secret police watched him carefully, but Marian is clever. Publicly, he denounced his brothers for leaving. He bought building materials and began making major improvements to his home. The play may have thrown off the police, who figured that anyone working that hard on his house wasn't about to abandon it.

Marian met no resistance last May when he applied for passports for himself, his wife, Eva, and their three children to take a motor trip to other Communist countries. The Slastnys drove across Czechoslovakia and Hungary to Yugoslavia. There Marian obtained visas to enter Austria. On June 4, he and his family crossed the border near Graz. The next day they walked into the Canadian embassy in Vienna. Aubut says Marian took "unbelievable risks, crazy ones." He also admits that the Nordiques greased a few Czech palms as Marian made his way from Bratislava to Quebec City. "It was costly," Aubut says. "Very expensive."

Today Marian is living happily in the Quebec City suburb of St. Nicolas. Next week he plans to open a disco-restaurant in Quebec City called Le Dis-huit, which is French for eighteen, his Nordique number. It will feature rock music and Slovak entrées. Asked about Bratislava, Marian says, "I try to forget."

At 5' 10", 192 pounds, Marian's style of play is clearly un-Canadian. Unlike wings brought up in his adopted land, who tend to skate in predetermined lanes, he constantly free-lances, shooting and setting up plays from practically anywhere on the ice. Marian extended his scoring streak to 19 games against Edmonton before spraining an ankle, which kept him out of the Bruin game. And while many NHL players get most of their goals at home, he has scored 11 on the road. Best of all, his freewheeling style is exactly what Bergeron expects from all the Nordiques.

"Once we were laughed at, but not anymore," says Aubut, speaking of the province's love for the Canadiens and its indifference toward the Nordiques. Montreal has had 64 seasons to develop its worshippers, but this year Quebec has found a following, too. In fact, when the Nordiques and Canadiens played a 1-1

tie last month, the crowd of 17,088 did most of their cheering for the Nordiques. And the game was in Montreal. "Our goal isn't to become the next Montreal," Aubut says. "We want to be the premier organization in professional sports."

To that end, Aubut leaves no stone unturned. Quebec City is overwhelmingly French-speaking. It has only one English-speaking movie theater and no daily paper printed in English. As a result, a lot of English-speaking NHL players want no part of being a Nordique. To overcome that, Aubut sees that Quebec players and their families receive more than a few perks, including free French tutors and membership in the Club Entram, which has fitness facilities, restaurants and a day-care center. The Nordique locker-room complex—complete with a sauna, three exercise bicycles, two Nautilus machines and a TV lounge with a stereo and Ping-Pong and pool tables—is probably the finest in the league. In addition, the club has supplied each of the four Czechoslovakian defectors with a car during his first year. "We must do more than any other team," Aubut says.

Bergeron, among others, marvels at Aubut. "With Marcel," he says, "it's always—how you say?—go, go, go."

For their part, the Nordiques are go, go, going. Their locker room may be a Babelian din, but communicating on the ice hasn't been a problem. As Bergeron says, "Out there, the puck is black for everyone."

END



Marian S. helps Quebec to outgun foes.



JUST BLOWIN' IN THE



BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

WINDS

A big mechanic named Earl huffs and puffs but fails to face a leadership school trek through Wyoming's Wind River range

CONTINUED



ODE TO EARL

*Oh, who can change the cloudy
skies to blue?*

Earl!

*Who's responsible for rain and
snow and dew?*

Earl!

*A virgin we would sacrifice
If you'd just make the weather
nice.*

*We hope you hear our prayer to
you,*

Oh, Earl!

First, let's get the names straight. I am Bill. Heinz is my snow-cave mate. Tenzing is our trusted guide, cook and ode composer. He is not a Sherpa but a former social worker from Detroit. Lammie is an eternally cheerful strawberry blonde who is chief instructor for a NOLS

*In a snow-bound kitchen, Lammie imitates a snow-
flake while lecturing the group on avalanches.*

SKI TREK

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ WILSTEDER

course in ski touring and winter mountaineering. NOLS rhymes with trolls and stands for National Outdoor Leadership School. Alexander Hamilton was Lannie's great-great-great-grandfather. Drew and Gary are the other two NOLS instructors. The names of their ancestors were not discussed. Rod, Dave, Steve, Russell, Paul, Bob, Daryl, Mike, Elizabeth, Ken and Linda are NOLS students on the course. Earl is the god of weather.

That is the cast of characters for this saga of a trek last winter into The Winds of western Wyoming—"The Winds" being the local nickname for the awesome Wind River range, which lies on the Continental Divide, just southeast of the more famous but less beautiful Teton range.

Now, even though there are a lot of people involved here, you will come to see—as I did—that there is no character more important, more pivotal to winter in The Winds than Earl. And, like all gods invented by men to explain away the horrendous vagaries of nature, Earl has the morals of a mugger. He is mean, unpredictable, sneaky, a rotten apple to the core. One never knows what irks Earl, just as one can never be sure what will please him. Tenzing (whose real name is Will Waterman) told Heinz and me of the occasion a couple of years ago that inspired part of his Ode to Earl.

It seems that a party of NOLS students, led by Tenzing, had been forced by one of Earl's fiercer blizzards to dig into snow caves and stay there, cowering before the force of the weather, for three days and three nights. "We got a little uneasy eventually," Tenzing recalls, "but there wasn't anything we could do to make Earl back off. At least I never thought there was anything to do. Then, on the third day, this one fellow on the course began to spend more and more time out in the storm. Finally, he was gone so long I went out to check on him. There he was, wind roaring around him, building this big snowman. I thought he might have gone around the bend, but then I looked more closely at what he had built.

"There was this big figure, with an arm and fist pointing upward, wearing a belt with a huge buckle on which I could make out the letter 'E'. It looked kind of like a Norse god. And lying at the feet of

this big guy was the figure of a woman. Naked. At first, I couldn't make head or tail of it. Then it dawned on me. This student had built the image of Earl and then sacrificed a virgin to him." Tenzing shook his head in awe. "Next day, we skied out in beautiful sunshine."

Earl made no demands for virgins on our first day in The Winds. We began our trek in sweet sunshine from a roadhead located miles from any recognizable sign of civilization. We had been transported from Lander, Wyo., NOLS headquarters, in a fat yellow school bus and had then been rather unceremoniously unloaded along with skis, poles and our monumental backpacks. The packs each weighed about 60 pounds. The first impression you get when you strap something that heavy on your back is that an unconscious Sumo wrestler has just fallen from the sky onto your shoulders. Thus, we were introduced to the very sound, though highly ungainly, practice called "survival skiing." The point of this technique is not to be swift, not to be graceful, not even to cover a lot of ground efficiently. The sole aim of the survival skier is not

The painful side of reeking: Lannie (right) endures an icy shampoo, Mike takes a tumble.



SKI TREK

continued



to fall, because to fall means that you have to get up again. You say, so what? You say that you have known how to fall and get up again since you were a small child?

Wrong. You have not been getting up after falling in soft, seemingly bottomless snow at an altitude of 10,000 feet with a pair of skis lashed to your feet and that Sumo-sized pack squashing you down, down, down. That kind of getting-up-after-a-fall is the very stuff of high-grade nightmares.

So, early on, we learned to sacrifice all athletic elegance to the hope of staying erect. And instead of long glissandos and swift, swooping curves, we found ourselves proceeding along our first leg into The Winds at an ignominious trudge.

We had barely begun to get our trudges on track when Lannie called a halt to deliver her first instructional lecture. We gathered around, expecting to hear this bright-eyed young woman expound on some romantic or arcane bit of lore concerning life in a harsh and beautiful wilderness. As it turned out, Lannie's subject was neither romantic nor arcane. It was, however, essential. She began by saying, "We at NOLS are into minimum-impact camping in these mountains. When we leave, we want the



place left as if we had never been here. We never build fires, except for emergencies, because we don't want to leave trees scorched by fire rings. We cook on the stoves. We carry everything out that we bring in. Every plastic bag, every bit of garbage. But, you will notice, we do not carry toilet paper in any form."

There was a breathless moment of disbelief shared by Bob, Rod, Dave, Steve, Russell, Paul, Daryl, Mike, Elizabeth, Ken, Linda, Heinz and me. Could this

be? We shuffled our skis in embarrassment. But Lannie continued on in an efficient, though politic, no-nonsense, straight-from-the-shoulder delivery that would have made her great-great-great grandfather proud. She enunciated "a policy of conservation and comfort" in the areas concerning "human discharge of fecal matter." She offered a simple mnemonic aid for remembering the four most important points in such things: D.D.P.P. This stood for *depth* (punch a hole deep in the snow with a ski pole, use it, then fill it up with snow), *drainage* (do not dig said hole anywhere near a stream and avoid doing so at the top of a steep hill); *proximity* to camp (go far away, but not so far away as to get

I first Daryl puts in a little shovel work and then he, Linda and Bob share a cozy quincy for three.

lost, and *privacy* (for yourself and for others, find a hidden spot, preferably with a view through a screen of branches). As for the missing toilet paper, Lannie advised us that pure snow was really a splendid substitute—and though no one believed this at the time, it later proved true.

This important subject covered, we survival-skied through the afternoon and wound up in a pretty grove of trees above a wide open expanse of snow—a frozen lake. The sun lay a golden dazzle over ev-

continued

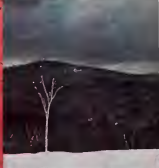
YOU DESERVE A LOT MORE FROM A 35MM CAMERA THAN JUST AIM, FOCUS AND SHOOT.



CONTROL THE MOST UNCOOPERATIVE LIGHT WITH EXPOSURE COMPENSATION.



CAPTURE ACTION IN MID-FLIGHT WITH 1/2000 SECOND SHUTTER SPEED.



CHANGE THE MIND AND EYE LINE DRAMATICALLY WITH PENTAX'S LENS MANUAL OVERRIDE.

Contrary to what the TV commercials tell you, a truly creative 35mm photograph, one that startles, exhilarates, inspires, is seldom the result of just a quick punch of a button.

It's a combination of skill and imagination and a camera's ability to respond to those qualities.

Which is why we created the Super Camera.

EASY SNAPSHOTS OR BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPHS.

On automatic, the Super Camera is just as easy to use as any aim-focus-shoot camera. So you can take good 35mm photographs of your kids, relatives and friends as simply and quickly as if you were still using your old pocket camera.

But when you take the Super Camera's controls away from its computer and put them into your own imaginative hands, you can use the light to produce photographs that will startle, exhilarate, and inspire.

You see, with the ME Super's remarkable push-button manual override, you can control your shutter speed electronically.

SPEED WITH CONTROL.

With the ME Super you have the ability to stop a 200 mph Formula One Racing Car dead in its tracks. How? With a shutter speed of 1/2000 second, a feature found on only the most expensive professional cameras.

And the ME Super. And if you want to go out and be a great photographer, you shouldn't have to worry about something as basic as loading your camera. That's why Pentax invented the Magic Needle loading system. It grabs the film and holds onto it, so you can keep your mind on taking great pictures—without wondering if your film is actually going through the camera.

A PHOTOGRAPH IS ONLY AS GOOD AS THE LENS IT GOES THROUGH.

Since we began as an optical company more than 60 years ago, we've incorporated numerous innovations and refinements into our lenses, most of which have found their way into every 35mm lens today.

The most revolutionary is Super-Multi-Coating, a seven-layer coating that's on every SMCP lens we make. It's laborious and costly.

but it makes our lenses superior, helping to produce photographs of exceptional brilliance.

Today, we offer over 40 high-quality lenses, from fish eye to super tele-photo, including nine zooms. So you can take exactly the kind of picture you want, from an insect's eye to a light house that's five miles offshore.

EVERYTHING THAT FINE 35mm PHOTOGRAPHY SHOULD BE.

The fact is, the longer you own a Pentax Super Camera, the more you'll come to appreciate how its many innovations can help you to be the kind of 35mm photographer you want to be.

Which is, if you're interested in photography enough to read this far, a long way from aim, focus and shoot.

Commemorating the production of the Ten Millionth Pentax camera, Pentax has made more 35mm SLRs than any other camera company.



PENTAX

First in the world.

©1981 Pentax Corporation. All rights reserved.
For more information,
write Pentax ME Super, 35, Wacker Drive East,
Englewood, Colorado 80112.

SKI TREK

continued

everything, and rather than looking like the end of nowhere, this section of The Winds resembled nothing so much as the rolling terrain of a snow-covered golf course. We gathered to watch the instructors—Lannie, Drew, Gary and our own Tenzing—demonstrate the way to make a camp in winter. Most important in the operation was the big metal scoop shovel that had been issued to each group of three campers. First, a level section was dug out and stamped down to serve as the floor of the sleeping area for three. A tent fly was strung over the floor and—Eureka!—a bedroom existed where only wilderness had been before. Next, the trusty shovel was put to use sculpting a snow kitchen. This consisted of a level floor, a waist-high workbench for the stove and food supplies, and a lower bench for sitting. Once the kitchens and bedrooms had been constructed for the whole group, the place took on the look of instant suburbia, a real nice neighborhood, deep in the treacherous Winds.

Someone chopped a hole in the lake

ice for water, the little white-gas stoves were lighted, and soon an air of euphoria lay over our bustling campground. We were bundled in layer upon layer of clothing against the withering bite of the evening cold. Surely, we had tamed The Winds, yes, I could not relax. The advent of night held an unmistakable sense of menace.

I had said nothing to Heinz, Tenzing, Lannie, Bob, Rod, etc., but, in fact, the whole idea of traveling for a week in trackless, winter-seized mountains was a prospect I faced with an ambivalence that bordered on trepidation. You see, I had recently experienced—painfully experienced—what I later came to think of as The Fiasco of the Six Toes.

It was late in the winter of '80, and I had skied into another mountain wasteland in another section of Wyoming with three men, all ostensibly experts in the winter wilderness. We skied long and far the first day and set up camp late in the afternoon in a sun-splashed grove of pine trees. As night fell, this cheery spot quickly grew as dark and hostile as a padlocked meat locker, and soon it came time to light the little stove to cook our dinner.

We reached for our matches. Matches? Matches? For a moment the insanely absurd possibility existed that the outfitter had forgotten to include matches in our packs, that we had come miles across a freezing moonscape with no way to light a fire. We dug through our packs, anxiously at first, then with a crescendo of heart-thumping fright. At last we found one small metal canister of matches stuck in an obscure pack pocket. But only one.

We spent several matches to learn that the stove we had brought would not work. So we wallowed off into the darkness in waist-deep snow to find firewood. The fire we built melted its way deeper and deeper into the snow and gave off almost no warmth at all. My feet were very cold because my boots were very wet. We managed to cook something, I forget what, before the fire sank out of sight.

We crawled into our triple-winged, high-tech tent and zipped up our mummy-shaped sleeping bags, guaranteed to 50 below zero. Nice, except that, as always, once in the bag we had to snuggle up to our sopping boots to keep them

warm through the night. Had we left wet boots out in the freezing air, they would have been like giant bronzed baby shoes by daybreak.

One of our party had contact lenses to remove before he slept. In his wing of the tent he lighted a candle with a match from our precious canister, took care of his lenses, then blew out his candle. A second later we heard an alarming sizzling sound. The smell of scorched chemicals filled the tent and our companion exploded with a very dirty expletive. Someone asked, "Did you burn up your lenses?" He replied that it was worse than that: When he screwed the cover back on the match canister he had turned it so hard that it had scraped against the matchheads, and had ignited our entire supply of matches. I lay awake most of the night, my heart slowly growing as cold as my feet.

Next morning, after a nice breakfast of cold sausage and M&M candy, we set out to return to civilization. We had no matches, so we had no choice. The day warmed up, and soon we were all carrying great loads of wet snow clumped on our ski bottoms. My feet had been wet for two days now, and I felt both pain and numbness. The trip took six hours. When I finally examined my feet, I was not pleased to find that most of my toes were no longer recognizable.

No fewer than six of them had undergone mutilation. Two were inflicted with a well-known cross-country skier's scourge, black toenail, the product of constant scurrying by the boot. Two others had bloody blisters. And my two big toes had developed a bad, yellowish-white cast and were numb as stone. This worried the hell out of me. As it turned out, they had only been frostnipped, not bitten, but the numbness lasted for many weeks.

So, having lived through the Fiasco of the Six Toes, I did not view the prospect of this first cold night in The Winds with real enthusiasm. I needn't have worried. First, we were dressed to the teeth—and toes—in NOLS-issued clothing: wool over wool over wool on the inside, covered by nylon wind shirt and wind pants that were covered with a ski vest, a thick, Dacron-stuffed parka and insulated pants, plus two pairs of insulated "boots" over our boots, which were in

continued



Lannie whips up a heavy, hearty one-dish meal

Dewar's unto others.



The gift of Dewar's®. Good things never vary.

*If you can't deliver your gift of Dewar's® "White Label" personally, we'll do it for you.
Call toll free 800-528-6148 for details. Gift based at no extra cost.*

SKI TREK

continued

turn covered on the outside by "super-gaiers." We looked like fat, colorful, roller-skating bears. It was estimated that each of us was traveling with clothing and equipment that would run in the neighborhood of \$1,500 if purchased at retail prices.

This obviously wasn't a casual, seat-of-the-pants dash into the mountains. The expedition was, in effect, the product of a full-fledged American industry. The Wilderness Instruction Industry, you might call it. NOLS is only one of many such operations that prosper from the proliferating mass of people who yearn to wallow in the dangers of nature. Outdoor magazines are awash with ads for such wilderness schools. The oldest and best known is Outward Bound, which was founded in Wales in 1941, expanded to the U.S. in 1962 and still thrives, with 8,500 students a year.

NOLS was founded in 1965 by Paul Petzoldt, now in his seventies, who has been rightly celebrated for 50 years or more as one of America's finest mountaineers. He had helped start Outward Bound in the U.S.; then in 1965 he created NOLS, which he ran as pedagogue, patriarch and guru until 1975, when he left the school after a feud with the board of trustees over how NOLS should be conducted. In recent years the school has

prospered under the direction of Peter Simer, 34, a graduate of USC in economics and an experienced mountain climber, skier and NOLS instructor who spent no fewer than 900 nights in the mountains during a five-year period from 1970 to 1975. Simer says, "When I started in this business you were considered a certified conservationist if you threw your tin cans into the bushes. Now we're into minimum-impact camping to a point where we consider the colors of our tents and packs so as not to cause any unnecessary visual impact on the environment." The NOLS approach to wilderness education emphasizes hard-core outdoor skills and an attitude of tender loving care for the environment. Outward Bound claims their primary goal is to use the wilderness as a background for developing personal confidence and, at times, for dealing with the emotional or social problems of individual students.

NOLS sends some 1,400 students a year on a variety of courses—from summer climbs on Mt. McKinley to expeditions in Kenya. Courses range from a "semester" (about 70 days) in Africa, which costs each student \$2,700 in tuition to the two-week winter mountaineering course for \$650. Far-reaching as it is, the school remains headquartered in the shabby old Noble Hotel in Lander (pop. 7,867), an

unremarkable town that, like much of the West, used to be a lot more interesting than it is today. Once upon a time the main street of Lander was carpeted wall-to-wall with howling, thundering herds of cattle being driven to spring pasture. There was also a year-around population of rich dudes, transported to the area by the Union Pacific Railroad from the effete East to shoot at herds of elk, moose, deer and big-horn sheep. The dude-hunter industry boomed so big in Lander that at one point the town boasted the most talented collection of wild-game butchers in America. Most of the great butchers of Lander have died off, but in a nicely ironical twist of history, the town boasts a remarkably large population of doctors (more than 45).

The dude population of Lander today consists mainly of fresh-faced tyros enrolled in NOLS courses. They average 21 years of age, most of them college products of the white middle class and many of them utterly unfamiliar with life in the wilderness. For all but the advanced courses, the school requires no outdoor credentials for acceptance, only a standard medical examination plus the money for tuition. Summer programs tend to attract a young crowd because school is out and students can participate. Winter attracts older folks of more unpredictable professional background and uncertain outdoor experience. This was definitely the case with our group.

For example, Boh was a bearded, bespectacled, fortyish Public Health Service doctor from San Francisco, who had never been on skis, while Daryl was a veteran of 11 years in the Marines, an ex-rodéo clown, a former Montana hunting guide with a bad knee. Russell was a tall, pale high school junior from Portland, Ore., who had skied since he was four. Paul was a restoration architect and sub-2.30 marathoner from Hawaii, where there is no skiing. Heinz and I had skied a lot and camped a little, and our combined ages totaled more than the sum of those of our four youngest colleagues. Heinz and I did not dwell on this, although from time to time we wondered what the hell two educated, well-off, middle-aged gents like us were doing slogging along all day at 10,000 feet in deep snow with a Sumo wrestler on our back, so that at night we could curl up in



Warmed of the hideous results of cold-weather carelessness, Drew inspects Ken's toes for frostnip.

a snow bank and go to sleep embracing a pair of wet boots.

For that matter, what was the measurable value for anyone taking such a course? Heinz and I had shared a pot of spaghetti and a jug of wine with several NOLS instructors the night before we went into The Winds. They were a light-hearted, fun-loving crowd on the whole, but when Heinz asked what exactly they thought a student should gain from a NOLS course, a pall of seriousness fell over the group. A bespectacled fellow spoke in professional tones, "I guess you could sum it up by saying NOLS students experience profound personal growth through stressful adventure." Someone else mentioned "the value of self-confrontation in an alien environment." Heinz swallowed some wine and looked thoughtful.

And what kind of people made up the bulk of NOLS instructors? All types—everything from an Iowa farm boy to a former broker for E. I. Hutton to a peculiarly high-keyed individualist who told people that his fondest wish was to "eat human flesh and die on another planet." Our own instructors were typically diverse. Lannie Hamilton, 25, graduate of a Connecticut women's college, had taken a NOLS ski trek as a teenager. She fell down 53 times "by actual count" the first day, but she learned to like all that pain and fresh air and later became a NOLS instructor because "I love laughing and I love teaching." Drew Leemon, 24, dropped out of his New England college in 1977 and went to NOLS because he found it "a hands-on experience." Gary Hurk, 26, of St. Louis says, "I'm nothing but a Boy Scout grown old."

Our motley crew found the first night in The Winds wonderfully uneventful and the name of Earl, the weather god, never came up. Tenzing dipped into our three-man store of high energy, carbohydrate-rich provisions to make dinner. It consisted of spinach noodles, ham cubes and Monterey Jack cheese cooked in a single pot over our white-gas stove. NOLS winter-camping recipes are simple, hearty, heavy fare. For proper warmth and strength a winter traveler operating at 10,000 feet or above should consume 4,500 calories a day—2½ pounds of food. Tenzing knew all the tricks of one-pot cooking. Thus, while

continued



KENTS DON'T HAVE IT! MERITS DON'T HAVE IT! MARLBORO LIGHTS DON'T HAVE IT! WINSTON LIGHTS DON'T HAVE IT! VANTAGE DOESN'T HAVE IT! BENSON & HEDGES LIGHTS DON'T HAVE IT!

Only Tareyton has the best filter!

For the taste you want in an ultra low tar!

Why the best? Because Tareyton's unique charcoal filter means taste that's smooth. It means flavor that's distinctive. It means that no other cigarette is quite like Tareyton.



Wind will not light them. Ever!



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Ultra Low Tar
5
mg tar
0.4 mg. nic.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



FINALLY, HOME STEREO IS GOING PLACES.

THE GE HOME'N GO STEREO. Until now if you wanted home stereo sound, you had to stay pretty close to home. At GE we feel great sound shouldn't be so confining. Which is why we've developed the incredibly compact Home'n Go stereo.

But don't let its small size fool you, Home'n Go's speakers (5" woofers, piezo tweeters), AM/FM stereo radio (electronic LED tuning meter, AFC) and tape deck (normal and high bias switches, dual record meters) would all be right at home in more expensive units.

And like a true home stereo, Home'n Go even has jacks for an extra set of speakers and a turntable.

So if you're looking for a home stereo that can also go places, look into the GE Home'n Go. It's as at home outdoors as it is indoors.

**WE BRING
GOOD THINGS
TO LIFE.**

SKI TREK

continued

some of the other camp groups were still sculpting their kitchens, we were gulping down a couple of thousand calories as night fell.

Miraculously enough, we were warm—warm without a fire. I had sweated a lot during the day, but because I was wearing layers of wool next to my skin, the moisture had been “wicked” away and had evaporated. Had I worn a cotton undershirt, however, it would have retained moisture, which then might have frozen and become, as Lannie put it, “like wearing an armor plate of ice.” And my feet? The mutilated six toes were just fine, thank you. My boots were wet, which couldn’t be avoided, but they were big, roomy, soft things, part of a vast store of equipment that NOLS has assembled in an old Lander lumberyard—everything a camper may need from sleeping bags to stoves to scoop shovels to socks. The boots, like everything else, are used over and over again. Each pair of NOLS boots is expected to travel some 300 miles a winter, 1,500 over a life expectancy of five years. Heinz, Tenzing and I crawled into our sleeping bags, assumed the standard fetal position, with our boots cuddled behind our knees and waited for sleep to come. It did—for Heinz and Tenzing. I listened to them breathe, snore and murmur until the day dawned dark gray. Then I fell asleep for 30 minutes or so. We breakfasted on a rich, sticky dish made mostly of bacon cubes, cheese and butter, washed down with aromatic French Market coffee, which Tenzing boiled in a pot and then whirled so the centrifugal force would send the grounds to the bottom. We cleaned the dishes with snow. Tenzing said the use of soap in a NOLS camp is carefully restricted because it would inflict more than minimal impact on the ecology.

We broke camp, and Tenzing carefully kicked down the walls of our snow bedroom and stomped over what had been our kitchen. Stepping back to survey the destruction, he said with satisfaction, “You’d never know we’ve been here. It just looks like a couple of moose have been rutting for a night or so.”

Now the sun broke through. All was



Linda reaches down to a brook for water for the camp.

cold and golden. Tenzing pointed out some marmot tracks, then looked skyward to the graceful, gliding form of a golden eagle. We assembled for a lesson in skiing and waxing, which was run by Drew. “Are there any Tech-Weenies in the crowd?” he asked. After a short, puzzled silence, he continued, “Tech-Weenies are people who know everything about the latest equipment and everything about the most advanced outdoor technology.” Drew paused, then said quietly, “Tech-Weenies give more trouble than anyone in the bush because most of them don’t know *nothing*.” If there were Tech-Weenies in our group, they remained unidentified.

The NOLS-issued skis most of us had were hardly the stuff for Tech-Weenies. They were wooden surplus World War II skis, hickory boards originally cut for those tough, rollicking heroes of the 10th Mountain Division. Legend has it that Perzold practically cornered the market on these skis after the war, purchasing thousands of them. A lot of the skis went up in smoke in a fire in the Lander lumberyard in 1974, but a lot of them survived. So this is what we were skiing

on—plain wood slats, no steel edges, no miracle-artificial waxless bases, no billboard lettering and Dui-Glo colors to advertise brand names. Just good, clean, yellow wood.

Drew explained about waxes and the use of climbing skins for the steepest hills. Then we all hefted up our packs, staggered a while getting used to them and set out for our next campsite.

And now Earl stepped into the picture. He pulled a curtain the color of cold dishwater over the formerly bright sky and then sent down a thin, gray gauze of falling snow. The dreariness of the weather matched the dreariness of our trudging line, for this was the first long-distance, all-day trek. As the hours passed, the difference between experienced and neophyte skiers became painfully clear—and clearly painful. Worst off was Bob, the doctor, who had never worn skis before. He fell repeatedly; his head, his face screamed and dripped with sweat, with melting snow, perhaps with tears. Each time he went down, he wallowed help-

lessly on his back in the snow. Painfully, he would work his way out of the straps of his pack, struggle to his feet, once again haul the pack onto his shoulders and begin to shuffle forward—only to stagger, totter and fall again. Other inexperienced skiers fell, too, though less often, and the Sisyphian dimension of their plight was almost too tragic to watch.

The front-runners also had their burdens, for the skiers who broke the trail usually sank to their knees after breaking through the crust. The process of plunging forward was so exhausting, so discouraging, that we changed trail-breakers every 20 minutes. And thus we moved, like a file of snails, into The Winds, covering no more than half a mile an hour at times because we could move only at the rate of speed of the slowest among us.

It was a grim and excruciating day, yet at the end, as we began to shovel out our campground, we had a sense of toughness, of resilience, of confidence. I mentioned it to Heinz. He shrugged and said wryly, “What the hell did you think they meant by ‘personal growth through stressful adventure’?”

continued

You can fill it w
you can fill it w



If you can take a bad picture with a snapshot camera, you can take a great picture with the Nikon EM.

If you're like most people, you've taken a lot of pictures with either a 130, 126, or inexpensive rangefinder camera only to be disappointed.

Instead of that glorious picture you thought you were going to get when you were looking through the viewfinder, what you got was a snapshot. Kind of fuzzy. Maybe a little too light. Or too dark. Maybe the people came out looking like little specks. Or without heads. Or there was something funny about the color.



th snapshots, or h great pictures.

The Nikon EM was invented for people like you. Like a snapshot camera, it's easy to use. You don't have to worry about exposure settings; electronics handle all that. And unlike a snapshot camera, you never have to worry about beheading your subjects, because the EM is a single lens reflex camera; so what you see through the viewfinder is what the lens is seeing. The Nikon EM is so simple, it even sounds an alarm when the light's not right.

And instead of snapshots, you get clear, vibrant 35mm photographs—the kind you'd expect from a camera made by Nikon, a company whose cameras are used by more professional photographers than all other 35mm cameras combined.

The other good thing about the Nikon EM is that as you grow as a photographer, the camera will grow with you. Because Nikon offers the world's largest selection of lenses and accessories.

The Nikon EM, naturally, costs more than a snapshot camera. But it also costs a lot less than you probably think.

So which is it going to be? Snapshots? Or great pictures?

Nikon
We take the world's
greatest pictures."

SKI TREK

continued

Tenzing whipped up a dinner of beans and tortillas and rice; the meal was simply magnificent. It grew dark and snow continued sifting down, and now the whole group assembled for a lecture on cold-weather danger. It seemed that a campfire would be absolutely essential, but no, we were out here to make minimum impact. The gathering proved to be quite cheery—though chilly—for it was lighted by candles planted in snow in the bottom of open plastic bags which, in turn, protected the flames from Earl's capricious gusts of wind.

Lannie ran this lecture with a wad of tobacco in her lower lip. Her subjects were hypothermia and frostbite. Ordinarily, both can be dealt with in an unemotional manner, but when they are discussed in the dark of night, deep in

your first warning that hypothermia might be setting in," said Lannie, spitting tobacco delicately into a cup held in her mittened hands. "From shivering, you eventually lose more and more muscular control. You begin to stumble. Your movements are stiff and difficult. Eventually you become absolutely supine. If your temperature gets down to 94° or 95° F., you won't be able to warm yourself up without some help—like warm liquids and bundling up in a sleeping bag with one, or preferably two, people. If you find someone in a coma, there's not a hell of a lot of time to do anything."

Lannie spit again and said that death from freezing can occur at a body temperature of 90° F. She also pointed out that a giveaway symptom of hypothermia is loss of mental awareness, an inability

hearts thumping. Lannie spit still again and moved on to the next tale of horror: frostbite. "What happens," she said, "is that when you are getting cold, the body begins to shut down the blood supply to the extremities—particularly the fingers and toes—in an effort to get more blood into the body core. A toe will freeze at about 26° F. Ice crystals form and disrupt the cells. This damages the tissues in the same way a burn does."

Lannie went on to explain that there were three degrees of freezing: 1) frost nip, which creates a white spot on cheeks or fingers and can be cured with heat from your body; 2) superficial frostbite, which actually freezes the layers of skin (but not the flesh) and turns into very painful, but relatively harmless, blisters; and 3) deep frostbite.

Lannie gazed around in the eerie candlelight. She spit in her cup, then said, "Deep frostbite means frozen to the bone. The flesh is like wood. It turns waxy white. It is one of the worst horrors known to man. Once it thaws, you get horrible blisters. The flesh turns black and blue and all kinds of yucky colors. Water oozes out of it. It smells terrible. If you get deep frostbite in the mountains, there is only one thing to do. Keep it frozen and ski out. There is a danger of gangrene. Once it thaws it becomes so painful that you can't even stand the weight of a bedsheet on it."

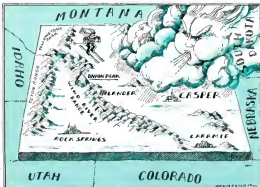
We sat hushed and uneasy. Lannie spit and then said, "It's not all bad. They no longer amputate frozen parts. If you hear a doctor say, 'We've got to cut those toes off,' you get the hell out of your bed and crawl out of that hospital. It is not necessary to amputate anything because once the dead tissue has been sloughed off, it will repair itself."

Gary Hawk, the instructor, spoke in an ominous voice: "I know a guy who froze his toe. The skin turned black as coal. One day in the hospital he reached down and pulled off a black cap of skin. Underneath it was a nice rosy pink toe, just like new."

We sat in awed, scared silence until Tenzing intoned, "Paul Petzoldt always said, 'Never trust a man with black toes.'"

Finally, we adjourned to sleep in the snow and dream of running blisters, frozen bone and fresh pink toes flourishing

MAP BY ROBERT NEUBERGER



Capricious Earl lies in wait for the unwary in Wyoming, sending you one moment, a blizzard the next.

The Winds, with snow falling and the temperature near zero, they take on the aura of ghost stories.

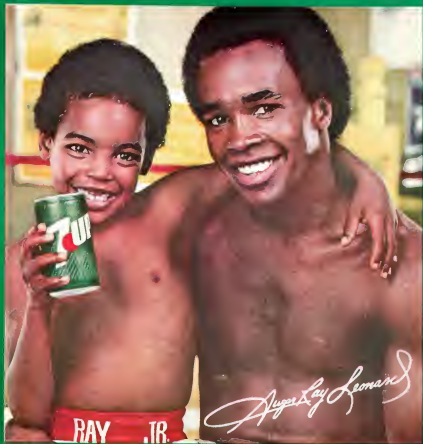
Hypothermia, Lannie explained, is the lowering of the temperature of the body core, first to the point of danger and, finally, of death. Heat loss occurs in a variety of ways—conduction (meaning bodily contact with something cold), convection (wind), evaporation of sweat or radiation (body heat escaping from a capless head, for example). "Shivering is

to make decisions and, eventually, a disorientation so severe that the victim may do something truly insane—such as ripping off his clothing even as he is about to freeze to death.

"It's weird stuff, hypothermia," Lannie said, "but remember, if you start to shiver, beware."

Quietly, Tenzing added, "Paul Petzoldt always said, 'Never trust a man who's shivering.'"

The group sat silent, eyes wide and



Feelin' 7UP

7UP and 7UP are trademarks of The Seven-Up Company, Inc.



SKI TREK

continued

beneath black caps of skin. In the morning Earl had not seen fit to change his mood; it was gray and snowing. We set out at a quicker, more confident pace, climbing steep, wooded slopes for a couple of miles, then crossing a confusing assortment of small lakes and large meadows. We stopped for a trail break, munching gorp made of dried fruit and nuts. One tyro had mixed dried black-eyed peas in his gorp, mistaking them for raisins and he narrowly escaped with his teeth unbroken. A few of the better skiers climbed a nearby slope strewn with rocks and performed that most elegant of ski maneuvers—the Telemark turn. Drew floated and swooped down the steep incline with the grace and glory of a Wind River Njinsky. A sense of something close to euphoria enveloped the group.

By evening we were camped on Horse-shoe Lake, with mountains rising all

namics in a situation like this is to communicate," said Drew. "Keep talking to each other. There is stress on the trail, sure there is, but if you snap at someone, then you should try and apologize a little later. O.K.?"

We nodded. Gary said, "It's just a matter of levels of maturity. This looks to me like a real mature group. Think in terms of community, right?"

Our hooded heads bobbed. Drew went on, "Try to be thoughtful of others, to go out of your way to be cooperative. If you see that a guy has a snot noodle in his beard, tell him. Don't let him go around looking creepy. Try and think of nice things to do for other people. O.K.?"

We nodded, and Tenzing chimed in softly, "Paul Petzoldt always said, 'Never trust a man with a noodle in his beard.'"

We slept beneath a tent fly that night, but the next day it was time to build a

der by cheek by jowl. It was, to tell the truth, pleasant enough, although the sense of togetherness might have gotten a bit overwhelming in another day or two. Still, anyone who travels the wilds in winter has to be prepared to live under precisely such cramped and trying conditions. Tenzing said, "When it gets to 40 or 50 below with a wind for a few days in a row, you simply can't be outside. Your face gets bitten almost on contact with the air. You just touch the metal zipper clasp on a pack with bare hands or put your finger on a ski binding and you will get instant frost nip. All you can do is huddle up."

The tales of fierce and killing weather in The Winds are legion. One longtime NOLS instructor remembered a horrendous blizzard with winds of as much as 90 mph which kept 15 people trapped in a stand of trees for two days because they



With the intrepid trekkers only 200 yards from the top of Unice Peak, "Earl" turned particularly mean and forced them to seek shelter behind a rock.

around. It remained overcast, but Earl let up on the snow, and after a dinner of cured rice, bacon cubes and butter, we assembled again by candlelight in a grove of towering lodgepole pines. We had our hoods up against the night chill and looked like some kind of monks of black magic, gathered to cast spells over an innocent world. The subjects of this lecture turned out to be expedition behavior, group dynamics and communication.

"The secret to having good group dy-

"quincy"—a man-made snow cave. What this meant was shoveling up a pile of snow roughly six feet high and perhaps 12 feet in circumference. After pounding this fiercely with flattened skis to make it solid and hard, the next step is to dig out a doorway about as high as a man on all fours, then scrape and kick away inside, shoving snow out the doorway until a bedroom chamber is hollowed out.

And that is where Heinz, Tenzing and I spent the next two nights, hip by shoul-

were unable to make their way across a clearing 50 yards wide. Last summer a NOLS party was snowed into caves on Mt. McKinley for seven days. They finally emerged at the end quite sane, though short-tempered.

If there should be a truly serious accident, or a medical crisis such as an attack of appendicitis or a severe case of deep frostbite, there would be only one way to deal with it: evacuation. This, unfortunately, is easier said than done. NOLS

continued



How to pick a pocket.

To prove a point, we stitched together half a pair of the best-selling jeans and half a pair of JCPenney Plain Pockets.

The point is, both feel great, fit great. They even look alike.

Till you look at the pockets. The best seller's have a little extra stitching. And that can cost you extra.

Plain Pockets only cost you \$13.50.

Which pocket should you pick? It's as plain as the pocket on your pants.

Plain Pockets™ Jeans
only at
JCPenney

SKI TREK

continued

parties never carry radios. The reason is obvious: Once in the mountains, most radio signals simply will not carry over even low ridges or hills. Thus, if an emergency requires a helicopter evacuation, the only way to summon such help is for someone to ski back out and notify the authorities. Evacuations are rare, but the chance for broken bones on skis is, of course, always at hand. One can never be too careful.

Whatever the hazards, the dark truth about winter camping is that you never get to bathe thoroughly. Oh, you might work in a quick wash with snow if you've got the heart and hide of a polar bear, but as a rule, if you are in the bush two weeks, you accumulate two weeks of the things that accumulate on unwashed skin. Tenzing had spent many weeks in such conditions, and he claimed that it is a manageable situation. "If you spend a few days in a snow cave with other peo-

ple, it does get a little funky," he said. "We have been known to bring scented candles along to handle that condition. But the real point is, you never really notice your, ah, fragrance until you get back into warm air."

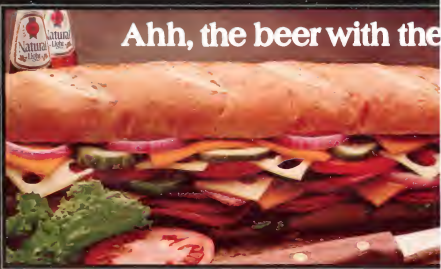
Lannie managed to grab a quick shampoo during our trek, but the frozen suds turned as stiff and spikey as a fright wig. And when she rinsed in the water from the ice-covered creek, she shrieked with pain. So cleanliness is not next to godliness in *The Winds* of winter.

And, as we learned, godliness itself isn't much of an attribute anyway when the god in question happens to be named Earl. Actually, during our first five days in *The Winds* he had been merely sullen most of the time. Then, the sixth morning dawned with a radiance that seemed sent by angels from a realm well beyond Earl's little fiefdom in *The Winds*.

Heinz, Tenzing and I emerged from

our cold, gloomy quincy before 7 a.m. and were all but bowled back by the stark, stunning splendor of the day. We stretched, fetched water, then took a long ski over Horseshoe Lake in the rising sunlight, breakfasted on that yummy sticky stuff made of bacon, butter and cheese, and chewed on fried bagels. Tenzing did his centrifugal-force bit with the coffee, and life seemed almost too full to contemplate.

Then Lannie called a class to order to discuss the properties of snow—particularly as related to avalanches. She summed up the lecture by saying, "The only thing you know for sure about avalanches is that you don't know anything for sure!" (There have been only seven deaths on NOLS courses in the past 16 years. Three occurred in an avalanche in the Tetons during the winter of 1974, while the other four were the result of summer accidents.)



Ahh, the beer with the

After the lecture, Heinz and I decided that on such a day of glory we should hike as high as possible to look down at whatever vistas might present themselves. Tenzing and Drew agreed to join us and said that we could climb nearly Union Peak (elevation 11,491 feet) in three or four hours. From there we would have a splendid view—from the Continental Divide all the way across the Bridger Wilderness Area to the Tetons.

We began the trek eagerly, carrying small day packs with water bottles and gorp for lunch. We skied across the lake and then began the climb through gentle meadows, through small stands of pine trees, moving swiftly and easily. Drew said, "We probably couldn't even penetrate through here if it weren't winter. What looks like a wide-open meadow with six feet of snow on it is probably a boulder field grown over with willow stands and brush that you couldn't chop

your way through in any other season."

Soon we rose above the tree line onto a dazzling snow field that rose gently for a mile or more to the summit of Union Peak. The sky was still a bowl of purest blue, with only a puffy white cloud here and there, and once the white contrail of a jet made tracks across the blue. We climbed well above the trees, gliding steadily, totally without shelter for hundreds of yards above and below. And now Earl laid on his cruelest surprise of the trip—and revealed the true extent of his rottenness. He waited until we were totally committed to the summit and suddenly unleashed the wind. Behind us a dense, ominous bank of clouds rose over the mountains and chased toward us at a frightening speed. We continued to climb, for we were no more than 200 yards from the top. Ahead was a low boulder that offered the only bit of protection on the whole mountainside.

But Earl had us where he wanted us. The wind velocity picked up enormously, and so did the density of falling snow. Whipped by the wind, the snowflakes felt like iron filings. Snow filtered in behind the lenses of our glacier goggles and we slogged blindly upward until we finally reached the protective rock. The summit was no more than 50 feet above us. No one even considered trying to make it.

And our magnificent view to the Tetons 50 miles away? Hah! We could scarcely see 100 feet back along our tracks—and the tracks themselves were rapidly filling with snow.

Tenzing murmured softly, "Goddam you, Earl." I thought the wind took on a noticeably higher shriek after that remark. We sipped water, gulped gorp, tried to clean the snow from our goggles and decided that there was nothing to do but retreat.

Heinz swallowed and said *conversat*

taste for food!





HEY, SPORT. CALL 1-900-976-1313

Get a new feature: thoroughbred and trotting racing news. Reports on other sports and scores galore, too. Don't miss the action. Dial-It!

DIAL-IT NATIONAL SPORTS SCHEDULE

Weekday Features—E S T

10:00 AM Thoroughbred Report
11:00 AM U.S. Trotting Report
12 Noon College Football Report
1:00 PM The NFL
2:00 PM College Basketball Report
3:00 PM The NBA
4:00 PM The NHL
5:00 PM National/International Sports Update
6:00 PM Pre-Game Analysis
7:30 PM SUPERSCORE BOARD—updates every 15 min
2:00 AM Overnight recap until 10:00 AM

Weekend Superspecs—E S T

10:00 AM Pre-Game Analysis
12 Noon Coaches' Corner/Press Box
Point-of-View
1:00 PM SUPERSCORE BOARD—updates every 15 min
2:00 AM Overnight recap until 10:00 AM

DIAL-IT

NATIONAL SPORTS
1-900-976-1313

50¢ plus tax for 100¢ service
No coin or operator
handled calls



Scores updates all day long. Reports on special events in Golf, Tennis, Soccer, International Sports.

SKI TREK

continued

through clenched teeth, "This wouldn't be the place for a virgin, would it?"

Tenzing said, "Only a virgin who can ski like hell!" and he shoved off down the mountain. It took the four of us about half an hour to light our way down the unprotected slopes to the tree line and there Earl's storm suddenly went limp. The trees cut off the fearsome wind, and without it, the snowfall became a gentle, friendly curtain.

We paused for breath, and Heinz panted, "Earl sure knows how to lay on a really stressful adventure." We skied down in relatively leisurely loops. Amazingly enough, within half an hour—long before we reached the lake again—the afternoon turned as dazzling as the morning had been.

Back at camp, everyone was practicing Telemark turns on a warm sun-splashed mountainside, unaware that scarcely four miles away Earl had been cutting up like an ax murderer.

We mentioned the storm, but it made little impression. They had experienced no bad weather. The next morning, basking in Earl's finest smile, we skied back to the roadhead, and while the others re-provisioned for the second week of the course, Heinz and Tenzing and I rode back to Lander and civilization. That night, while Lannie, Drew, Gary, Bob, Linda, Mike, Paul, etc., stumbled into a cold and darkened camp for another one-pot dish of something or other, the three of us, freshly showered and shaved, dined on filet mignon and sipped a pleasant Beaujolais in a candlelit restaurant. We toasted each other and NOLS and wished each other more personal growth through stressful adventure. When Earl's name came up, as it had to, there was another ode:

Oh, who's the link in robes of a deity?

Earl!

Who dumps yucky weather with unrestrained glee?

Earl!

He's a god who's most capricious,

And, at times, just plain malicious.

May you lose your toes to your own beastly,

Oh, Earl!

Folds in no time flat



With Rolfs Tri-Fold, you don't have to fight the battle of the bulge. Its unique sliding stay construction enables it to lie flat when folded. Put in as many credit cards, bills, and photos as you like. Rolfs sliding stays will automatically adjust to the thickness of the contents. So if you're wasting time trying to close bulky billfolds, get the one that folds in no time flat.

ROLFS . . . it shows you care.

West Bend, WI 53095. Available at fine stores throughout the USA and Canada.

Coach the Pros to a Super Bowl!

In the NEW Sports Illustrated

Statis Pro Football Game

Be your own "Monday Morning Quarterback" in this brand new board game designed for S.I. by Avalon Hill. Here, you can "replay" every league game; re-create an entire season, or alter it if you think you are a master at game strategy. Coach the team of your choice with "stat" cards of every player of every pro team, linemen included, offense and defensive teams as well... over 1,000 player cards in all! You set players in their actual field positions, call all plays — offense and defense. Outstanding solitaire as well as head-to-head strategy game.



Complete stats on 700 players!

Statis Pro BASEBALL

Solitaire or head-to-head, patented FAST ACTION feature guarantees amazing realism.

Skill, not luck, wins the game!

FOOTBALL STRATEGY

Award-winning game based on the play-calling genius of legendary Johnny Unitas.

Match up the all-time greats!

Title Bout

Use actual performance records to stage your own classic bouts — round by round.

You make all the decisions.

Statis Pro Basketball

Line ups, subs, game strategy you call it using actual pro player performance statistics.

YES! Send me the games indicated:

☐ Statis Pro Football \$20

☐ Statis Pro Baseball \$18

☐ Football Strategy \$14

☐ Title Bout \$17

☐ Statis Pro Basketball \$16



☐ Go for the Green \$13

☐ Superstar Baseball \$14

☐ Win, Place & Show \$14

☐ USAC Auto Racing \$14

☐ Basketball Strategy \$14

☐ Regatta \$16

☐ Speed Circuit \$14

☐ I enclose \$_____ plus 10% for postage and handling. (Make check or money order to The Avalon Hill Game Co.)

☐ Bill my

☐ Amexco ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge

Card No.

Exp. Date

In a hurry? Charge customers can call 800-638-9292 (Toll Free) ASK FOR OPERATOR "5"

☐ I enclose \$10 for your Sports Games Catalog

NAME

(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

SIGNATURE

CHECKS PAYABLE TO: Avalon Hill Games
Dept. SI-61 • 4517 Harford Rd., Balto., MD 21214

FREE!

Order two or more games and get America's hottest sports games magazine for one year (4 issues) at no extra charge — a \$5 value!

Sports Illustrated

Sports Illustrated



Photography by Walter Iooss, Jr. for Sports Illustrated

It's a wonderful world!

Nobody has ever been able to say what sport is, quite.

But life would hardly be the same without it. Perhaps that's because sport means a number of opposite things.

It means fact and it means fancy. It is as tangible as a golf club and as intangible as a dewy morning, exciting as a photo finish, serene as ebb tide.

It is competition, composure, memory, anticipation. Sport is not all

things to all people. But today, it is something no more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

It is play for many and work for a few. It is what no one *has* to do and almost everyone *wants* to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and on the other, gambons willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers, as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a sta-

dium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, skiing weekend or camping trip.

Sport is a wonderful world.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly.

©1981 Time Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Edited by MARGARET SIECK

BEAR AND BUD

Sir

In his article on Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant ("I Do Love the Football," Nov. 23), Frank Deford brings another great coach into the picture, Bud Wilkinson, formerly of the Oklahoma Sooners. Deford wrote, "Wilkinson had 145 victories when he packed it in at Oklahoma in 1963 to run for the Senate. Why, he could be past 315 by now if he had stuck with it. Add it up for yourself."

Yes, he could be past 315 if he had won nine or more games in each of the 18 years since then. Deford insinuates that Bryant would break the record for wins by a college football coach simply because of longevity. He doesn't mention that Bryant has won, and won with surprising consistency, for many years. He hasn't won just because he has been around for a long time. Bryant is where he is today because of his talent and because of his ability to coach and motivate.

EDWARD J. FIDLER
University, Ala.

Sir,

Frank Deford stated that Bud Wilkinson could be past 315 by now if he had stuck with it. If a bullfrog had wings he wouldn't bump his bottom every time he hopped.

J. GLENN JACKSON
Florence, Ala.

• SI disagrees. In the years since Wilkinson left Oklahoma, the Sooners have had a record of 153-46-5. Adding Wilkinson's 145 wins to this figure gives a total of 298, 17 games behind Bryant. Of course, no one can say whether Oklahoma would have averaged the one extra win per season needed to put Wilkinson in contention if he had continued coaching there, but it's certainly possible. The Sooners' record for the first two years after Wilkinson left was 9-11—ED

NOT-SO-MAGIC ACT

Sir

It seems to me that Anthony Cotton's message in the article "Don't Blame Me, I Just Want to Have Fun" (Nov. 30) was that professional athletes shouldn't enjoy playing the game. They are getting paid to go through the motions, and they don't have to like it. This line of thinking has been the main reason why NBA basketball hasn't had more success with basketball fans.

Why shouldn't Magic want to continue to enjoy playing basketball? This young man's enthusiasm for the game and his charisma have been a shot in the arm for the NBA.

BOB MILLER
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

Please remove the name of Magic Johnson from that rapidly diminishing list of professional athletes for whom one can hold some spark of admiration and respect today—especially if he allowed himself to be bought off as Laker owner Jerry Buss's dupe in the Paul Westhead affair.

Alas! Another glowing example of the fact that when the magic is money, the magnificence suddenly becomes merely mortal.

THOMAS R. POWERS
Greenwell Springs, La.

Sir

Clearly, both Magic Johnson and Laker owner Jerry Buss are at fault in this latest episode of "Showtime": Johnson for mortgaging his personal and professional happiness by signing the 25-year, \$25-million contract, and Buss for letting one player dictate who should and shouldn't coach the team.

JOSEPH DECLAN MORAN
Deerfield, Ill.

ANOTHER ROLES MODEL

Sir,

Jill Lieber's article on Puget Sound football player/swimmer Bob Jackson (*Roles Model* at the Sound, Nov. 23) stated that nobody has done the football-swimming double as well as Jackson since the '40s. I would like to mention another unusual athlete.

My brother, Doug Martin, was a starting wide receiver on Vanderbilt's 1974 Peach Bowl team, having been selected to the All-SEC rookie team as a sophomore. He was also a member of Vandy's 400-yard freestyle relay team, which qualified for the 1972, 1973 and 1974 NCAA championships, and a school record holder in the freestyle sprint. He also was twice selected an academic All-America in football (once on the first team, once on the second) and was a 1975 recipient of the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame Scholar-Athlete Award.

So, while the statement about Jackson may be true, I think there can be no argument that nobody has done the scholar/football player/swimmer triple as well as Doug Martin in a long, long time.

GREG MARTIN
Cambridge, Mass.

RANKING RANKINGS

Sir:

What do Georgetown, South Florida, Western Kentucky and Holy Cross have in common besides having been picked by you (Nov. 30) as four of the top 48 college basketball teams in the nation? Answer: All were defeated last year by the University of Connecticut, which for some inconceivable reason was

left out of your top 48. During each of the last three seasons the Huskies have won 20 or more games. Now they have an even more experienced team.

JAMES F. L'ANTHONY
Watertown, Conn.

Sir

In your *Best of the Rest* section you didn't include the University of Mississippi, the 1980 SEC tournament champion. We beat Dominique Wilkins, your so-called "Top Dog of Dunk," and the rest of the Georgia team 68-62 in the final.

DOUG THOMPSON
Ocean Springs, Miss.

Sir:

After continually being snubbed by your "experts," I fully expected not to find Marquette ranked in your Top 20. But then when I didn't see them listed among the remaining 28, I nearly dove-dribbled!

KEVIN J. GOLDEN
Norwood, Mass.

Sir

How can you ignore a team like Syracuse which has been in postseason play for 11 consecutive years?

MIKE GARDNER
Liverpool, N.Y.

THAT MAN McMAHON

Sir:

Jim McMahon of Brigham Young deserves every word of praise he received in McMahon with a Golden Arm (Nov. 30).

Not only is he the best passing quarterback around, but he has also accomplished this despite having had his right eye punctured as a child, for which he now must wear special tinted lenses.

LINDA RICHINS
Centerville, Utah

RETTON REVISITED

Sir

Ray Kennedy's fine piece on Joe Retton and his great basketball record (*Why Is This Man Laughing? Because He Just Read His Obituary*, Nov. 30 at Fairmont [W. Va.] State College elicits fond memories of my three years as sports publicity director there.

Joe was then a sore-armed, once-promising pitcher turned second baseman on the college baseball team. His arm was so bad that he occasionally had to underhand the ball to first base, but he more than made up for that defensive deficiency by hitting about everything opposing pitchers had to offer.

I'm delighted to see a long-time friend finally get the recognition he deserves.

EMILYN K. THOMAS
Royal Oak, Mich.

continued



Ricky Schroder Sir Alec Guinness in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

"It's the kind of fun that made movies a delight years ago... if you have young people in the house be sure to tune in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' This is truly family entertainment."

- The Daily News, New York

"The kind of heartwarming period piece it's said isn't made any more."

- TV Guide

"...one of the season's most delightful television movies...."

- The Boston Globe TV Week

"It is one of the season's very special treats...."

- The Star-Ledger, Newark, N.J.

"'Fauntleroy' is a joy to watch. It has charm, grace, beauty, wit, class and style."

- The Philadelphia Inquirer

"Royal fireworks...."

- The Christian Science Monitor

"...sparkling remake...."

- The Houston Post TV Week

**ITT Premiere Theatre on the CBS-TV Network
Tuesday, December 15, 8p.m. (ET & PT) 7p.m. (CT)**

ITT

Where there's life... there's David Attenborough.

David Attenborough traveled untold thousands of miles to research *LIFE ON EARTH*. He explored every environment, from the mountains of Africa, to the depths of the sea, to the Antarctic shore, to the New Guinea jungle, seeking out life in all its diversity. He assembled an international team of photographers to produce color illustrations of astonishing beauty, some of them unique photographic firsts. The result is a triumphant retelling of the 3.5-billion-year story of evolution, charged with uncommon freshness, clarity and verve. Its appealing presentation of profound concepts in popular terms has made *LIFE ON EARTH* one of the most extraordinary bestsellers ever published in Britain. Be sure to get your copy early, as demand for the book in this country is expected to be even greater.



"Quite simply the best
introduction to natural
history ever written."
—Desmond Morris

- A Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club
- 134 pages of full-color photos
- \$22.50 at all bookstores
- A 13 week PBS television series beginning January, made possible by a grant from Mobil

Little, Brown and Company



19TH HOLE continued

NOMINATIONS

Sir

It isn't easy to pick a Sportsman of the Year for 1981, particularly when lawyers, owners and bad behavior seem to have made more news than the athletes or their achievements. But there is one shining candidate for this honor: Wayne Gretzky. No. 99 of the Edmonton Oilers.

JONATHAN COHEN
Newton, Mass.

Sir

When I receive my year-end issue of *S&L*, I hope to see a tennis ball, a racket and a curly-haired brain on the cover as Sportsman of the Year. Yes, John McEnroe. There wasn't anyone better at any sport in 1981.

BILL SEGARS
Akron

Sir

Alberto Salazar's world-record of 2:08:13 and Allison Roe's world record of 2:25:29 in the 1981 New York City Marathon give those runners my nominations for Sportsman and Sportswoman of the Year.

STEVE SHINACK
Whitehouse, Ohio

Sir

The Sugar Ray Leonard-Thorn: Hearns fight should prove once and for all that Leonard is, pound for pound, the greatest fighter who ever lived. For his truly amazing year—junior middleweight title and undisputed welterweight title—Leonard gets my vote for Sportsman of the Year.

BARRY HOLMES
Tarentum, Pa.

Sir

Alexis Arguella. His victory speech following the Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini fight (*Lowering the Boom Boom*, Oct. 12) was the most sincere and moving I've ever heard.

B. A. WILKENTZBERG
Salisbury, Md.

Sir

I can give you 2,342 reasons why Marcus Allen should be Sportsman of the Year.

R. S. MACHLER
Miami

Sir

Paul William Bryant

T. E. BRAKEFIELD
Hixson, Tenn.

Sir

Skier Phil Mahre is the only American male ever to win the World Cup title. If he's not Sportsman of the Year...

JIM ROBERTS
RICK SILVER
CANDACE MCCORMACK
Lincoln, N. H.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

FORD EXP

Brand-new two-seat, movin' to the upbeat.

An open road, front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension and enough pure driving excitement for two very lucky people. You get it all in a Ford EXP.

Two front-row seats
and a grand opening.



Two plus groceries, or two plus a great weekend, EXP's 29 cubic feet of cargo room can hold it all. And EXP options like flip-up open air roof can make it all the more exciting.



Just between you and EXP.

You can learn a lot behind the wheel of an EXP. Smart little gauges report on your



RPMs, oil pressure, amperes and temperature. You'll know the time. You'll even know the sports scores if you turn on the AM radio, because that's standard, too. (May be deleted for credit.) A special warning light will even tell you if your door is ajar.

Exciting numbers.

EXP's 1.6 liter CVH engine and four-speed transaxle, with fourth gear as standard over-drive, produce the kind of numbers that keep your driving fun.

46 EST HWY **29** EPA
EST MPG

For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage will be lower.

**Front-wheel drive,
four-wheel independent
suspension, fantastic!**

EXP's front-wheel drive, four-wheel fully independent suspension and front stabilizer bar are specially tuned for sporty handling. Combine that with EXP's rack and pinion steering, standard power front



disc brakes and sport close-ratio transmission option and you'll get a whole new appreciation for the street where you live. Whether you buy or lease, see EXP at your Ford Dealer now.

FORD EXP

FORD DIVISION



**LOOK OUT WORLD
HERE COMES FORD**



Research Results Conclusive:

Clean Sweep!

2 out of 3 smokers choose MERIT low tar/good taste combination over leading higher tar brands.

Landmark smoker study produces solid new evidence that MERIT delivers a winning combination of good taste and low tar when compared with higher tar leaders.

MERIT Clear Choice In New Tests.

In impartial new tests where brand identity was concealed, the overwhelming majority of smokers

reported MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading higher tar brands.

Moreover, when tar levels were revealed, 2 out of 3 chose the MERIT combination of low tar and good taste.

Year after year, in study after study, MERIT remains unbeaten. The proven taste alternative to higher tar smoking—is MERIT.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1993

Reg: 9 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Men; 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men; 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar'81

MERIT
Kings & 100's